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Volume CLXXVI No. 2302 The SPHERE, London, March 4, 1944

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

GENERAL ALEXANDER VISITS THE ANZIO BEACHHEAD: ACCOMPANIED BY HIS A.D.C., THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF INSPECTS THE SHELL-BATTERED TOWN AFTER HAVING ATTENDED A MOMENTOUS MEETING WITH THE ALLIED WAR CORRESPONDENTS WITH THE BEACHHEAD FORCES

On February 14 General Sir Harold Alexander paid a visit to the Anzio front. During the course of this he addressed the assembled war correspondents in the beachhead area, when he made the emphatic statement that the battle would be won—by us. There had been many reports coming out from Anzio of a gloomy nature which the General described as "alarming": to counteract these he made a swift survey of the military position. Ultimately, certain restrictions which it had been intended to impose on the war correspondents at Anzio were withdrawn after considerable opposition had been manifested concerning censorship at the fighting front. After his Press conference, General Alexander inspected the battle-scarred town of Anzio, before leaving the port on board a submarine chaser

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A WAR NEWSLETTER —No. 235

1, New Oxford Street, W.C.1.

The Premier's Review.—

There is so much meaning in the inflexions of Mr. Churchill's voice that a war review to Parliament (unrecorded) is not as illuminating to the public as are his talks to the nation. (Those who question whether the "Long Parliament" is representative of the nation may use this fact as an argument.) But, as read, the Premier's review was *not*, I thought, a warning to wanton wishful-thinkers. It revealed all the essential balance which public men must achieve, if they are to leave no handles for mischievous boys to play with. He left me with the impression that his natural optimism had not undergone any damping. The war in Europe might end this year. On the other hand, it might not. It all depends—largely on our loyalty, unity and hard work, and, naturally, on factors even more imponderable. He struck the balance also between national pride and humility. Without detracting from Russia's mighty triumphs, we must not be too humble about our own share. Every Englishman working abroad will loudly applaud this principle. We have no need to live on our achievements in 1940-41. There have been others, since. The account runs on. But the Premier's speech was not all of it safety precautions and balance. He gave some striking statistics of casualties and damage done by land, sea and air, and he disclosed (the first official admission—the nature of the military targets which we have "strafed" so often of late in the Pas de Calais—the devices to loose rocket shells and planes on these islands. An open secret, of course; but one much better officially opened. No doubt the confidence of Allied air chiefs in their terror propaganda directed to German ears, induced complacency in some quarters here; yet no one but an ostrich can have doubted that Hitler's revenge for our bombing would come; and coming it already is. "Quite like old times," as Mr. Churchill said, with the V-sign, the other day. Not pleasant. No one likes it. But if the Germans can stand it tenfold, we can stand it one-fold, especially now that our national danger is no longer mortal.

A New Formula.—

Happy that man in public life in wartime—be he Minister, war leader or official voice—who has found it possible to make no promises and give no assurances, and to perform those duties of tongue-wagging required of public men in democratic countries, without giving a handle to the mischievous, causing despair among the faint-hearted or complacency among the wishful thinkers and the exuberant. How difficult a technique it is—to say nothing, convincingly and yet sombrely to be quietly confident without saying why, and to leave the impression that you have taken the public into your confidence and put all your cards on the table, without affording a peep of your trumps to the enemy. Forty years of public life is not too long an apprenticeship to this skilled trade. Small wonder if the lesser fry and younger ministers have still something to learn of the art. Just now the pundits of the Air are seeking a new formula. They have to explain to us why, after all, 200-bomber raids on this country have been resumed, in the face of their mathematical arguments; and not, moreover, as mere isolated or occasional incidents. And the solution they offer is just—Hitler lunacy! He is using up the few bombers he has left to stage a propaganda sop to the outraged Berliners, and thereby robbing his poor Peters fighting on the battlefronts to pay Paul in London for his boasts. A mere amateur. Time was when we thought it bad policy to dismiss our enemy's strategic plans as mere folly. But Democracy is built on words and phrases, and its public men must acquire the technique or earn the fool's cap.

What Songs the Sirens . . .

—As for the man in the street, he is what he is. Some take every printed sentence as fact, and every word they hear as gospel. Some read nothing and hear very little unrelated to their daily round of duties. We are philosophers and wishful thinkers, realists and romantics, ingenuous or cynical. I don't know how it would have been if this war had been conducted under a rationing of speech more austere than that of coal; a silence for security reasons as rigidly enforced as the black-out. Indeed, I don't know how this obsession with words and speeches and phrases and prophecies originated and grew in democratic countries. But there it is: *Ruit Cœlum, fiat publicitas.* The man in the street, whatever his nature, is pretty tough and inured, and takes his ration of words or bombs with a grim philosophy; and sirens of all kinds sing their everlasting songs, and will go on singing them till the concert is over. The pundits and publicity services of the R.A.F. pursue a policy based on the highest motives—to honour their glorious fighting men and organisations, to serve the anxious interest of the public, and to convince the enemy, and perhaps wavering neutrals, of the overwhelming and ever-growing power of the Allies in the air. They believe that the blows and deeds in themselves are not convincing enough, and must be reinforced with descriptions and statistics. They may be right, or may be wrong. But, right or wrong, if their publicity policy has induced untimely complacency at home, if it has brought back to England oversea-evacuated children, and to London children and women dispersed in the country, that aspect of the policy should be taken into account in future in pitching the note of confidence.

Battering.—

Have you ever tried to hammer a petrol-can into the shape of a tray or other shape suitable to some domestic purpose? Although an amateur, you plan reasonably enough to hit along the seams. But the seams are very strong, reinforced with wire stays. You batter the can into pockets and bulges, you knock pieces off, but the metal will not come away where you expect it. You redouble your blows with a fury never contemplated and at last suddenly the shapeless mass (which can be hammered straight again) disintegrates, and the job is done. I think our allied efforts to batter the Nazis to their knees are rather on those lines. We are not yet at the fullest fury of our hammering. But we are on the way to the climax. Climaxes, like dominating peaks and key hedgehogs, are "arranged in depth." There is always a climax beyond a climax attained. But it will come at last, victory, like a thief in the night. In war we are all amateurs. War is a guessing game. We shall batter and bludgeon on in the dark till suddenly the dawn comes and our shadowy enemy is revealed—on the floor. Meanwhile, we have need of all the faith, all the guts, we can compass. In Russia, in Germany, in Italy, on the seas, on land and in the air, the softening process is going forward. There are signs that the seams are yielding, and the stays parting.

In the Bag.—

I have never understood how the punctual counting of casualties on a snow-covered or mud-covered front can be anything but guesswork. Yet the very fact that it must be guesswork leads one to accept Russian statistics as not exaggerated. It would not be rash to accept the round figure of 250,000 Nazis put out of the war on all the Russian fronts since the battle of Leningrad opened. And 250,000 makes a big hole in the available reserves of a nation (whose man-power for the field is trivial compared with Russia or Japan or America) after four and a half years of constant and tremendous wastage. Indeed, the logic is inexorable. The booty captured and destroyed adds a tale (in the munitions field) of which the logic is not less inexorable, and in this tale there is a double thread of inevitability. For every tank, gun, plane liquidated in Russia, the means to replace it are daily and punctually being destroyed by our bombers in Germany. There is only one possible end, and that end cannot be much longer delayed. Hope deferred may make the heart sick, five years of war may wear it out, but, while the brain continues to work, the mind can still appreciate the arguments of logic. However menacing the façade of Nazi-ism still appears, the guts and foundations behind it are rotting away. A bust "straight" has often enough won a big pot in a game of poker, but never yet on a showdown. The Allies are calling that bluff—and reasonably soon.

LONDON'S NEW BARRAGE: The night sky during a recent raid, with flares and flak making a silhouette of the rooftops. Londoners who experienced the "blitz" raids of 1940-41 have seen many changes in the anti-aircraft barrage put up by the guns which defend the largest city in the world. When German raiders—and Italian—first tried to obliterate Britain's biggest target there was comparatively little opposition from the ground. But to-day, with the enemy making "propaganda raids," the sky is filled with bursting shells, rockets and many new and deadly types of projectiles, and the continual roar of the barrage far exceeds the volume of exploding German bombs

Finland.—

Personally, I wish Finland a happy issue out of all her afflictions. It is a large hope. He would be a hard man who could harbour rancour for anything Finland had done or left undone since 1939. She has struggled for bare survival, at times to the admiration of Britain expressed in superlatives and bouquets, a pawn and a bone of contention between the two most powerful nations in Europe and in arms, and has never been able to say that either was her friend. And now she has to make her choice, and any choice seems to imply rough handling. If she makes a Russian peace, her territory must remain a battleground, while German divisions occupy her soil, and her cities will lie open to German bombers. If she cleave to Germany and continue the war even passively, the Russian bombers will devastate her cities and assault her lines of defence. Woe to the small nations in Europe to-day! Those whose motives are purest have shown the greatest courage; their crimes have been that they defended themselves when attacked—and did it very well. In British eyes such a "crime" should be sympathetically judged. We are indeed fellow-criminals. I can ill-endure any expression in Britain of irritation with the Finns. Silence, sympathy and practical help, when occasion offers, should be our part in her critical decisions and difficulties ahead. The cruelties and injustices of war fall heaviest on the small nation and the humble folk. And every day we must turn our faces away from injustices we cannot right and tragedies we cannot relieve.

In Those United States.—

The American political arena (in which tremendous trick rides and trapeze jumps are "now showing" until November ends) is viewed by you and me from a chink in the ground-flap of the Big Top. We can barely see the 'ooves of the 'osses. And a distant prospect of 'ooves is not a basis for didactic writing on horse-management. We read that both Houses have shatteringly snubbed their war-leader in a crisis of the war, and have approved a budget which allows for one-fifth of the taxation which Mr. Roosevelt considered necessary to meet the year's needs. And sitting (as we are) under a new, if milder, blitz, we lightly declare that such a state of things would be impossible if America were within bombing range and had experienced *at any time* the Battle of Britain spirit, and for howsoever short a time. For being bombed is a good social shake-out and puts private aims and possessions in their proper category. Look at the reverse side of the medal. The Americans have spent uncountable millions on this war; they have turned out uncountable millions of tons of war material; millions of the best of their citizens are overseas in the maelstrom; they are playing, and have long played, a leading part in the fighting on land, on the sea and in the air. And still their effort increases; there is no pause, no slacking off. Do we understand our own national accountancy and finance? Do we understand our own Parliamentary procedure? Do we perfectly understand the British national character? We do not. We are not even curious to know. Well then, are we likely to understand American institutions and procedure? A British budget is just a locked cash-box to the average Briton. Every urge of common sense impresses silence on us all. The Americans are fighting and delivering the goods and the knocks, and paying for the war in their own mighty way. We in ours. Leave it at that.

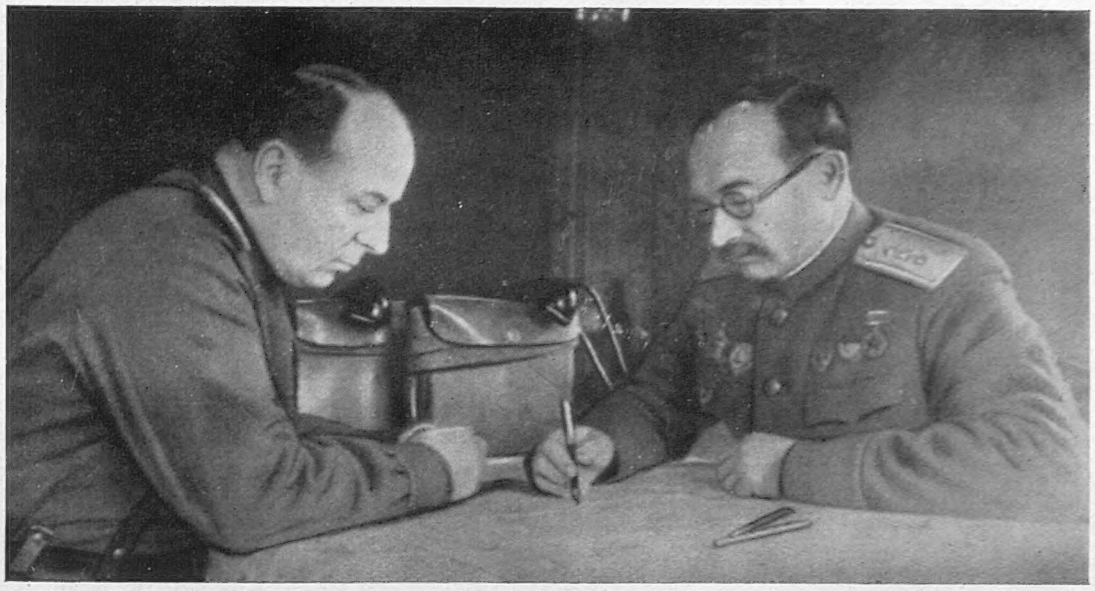
The Old Stager

COLONEL-GENERAL ROTMISTROV, who was in command of the tank forces which played an outstanding role in the break-through and destruction of the trapped German divisions

The DESTRUCTION of a GERMAN ARMY

Radio Pictures from the Korsun Area of the Russian Front During the Encirclement Operations

In a battle that went on without a break for fourteen days, General Koniev's troops of the Second Ukrainian Front completely destroyed the German Eighth Army, composed of ten divisions, trapped in the area of Korsun, 75 miles to the south-east of Kiev. In the course of the operation, the Germans abandoned 52,000 killed on the battlefield, 11,000 were taken prisoners and all the German equipment and arms were captured. The victory is the biggest of its kind since the destruction of the German Sixth Army of 330,000 men at Stalingrad over a year ago. The pictures reproduced on this page were taken during the course of the operation, and were transmitted to London from Moscow by wireless.



LAYING PLANS FOR THE LIQUIDATION OF THE NAZI TROOPS trapped in the area of Korsun-Shevchenkovsky. Colonel-General Rotmistrov (on right) and Lieut.-General Kurkin, of the tank forces, discussing the plan of an operation connected with the annihilation of the trapped ten Divisions

DURING THE FINAL STAGES OF THE OPERATION: Soviet tank-borne troops waiting for the signal to start against the ten German divisions and one brigade trapped in an unbreakable ring. 52,000 Nazis were killed and 11,000 were taken prisoners

GENERAL ROTMISTROV watches the progress of one of the operations from the cupola of a tank in the neighbourhood of Korsun

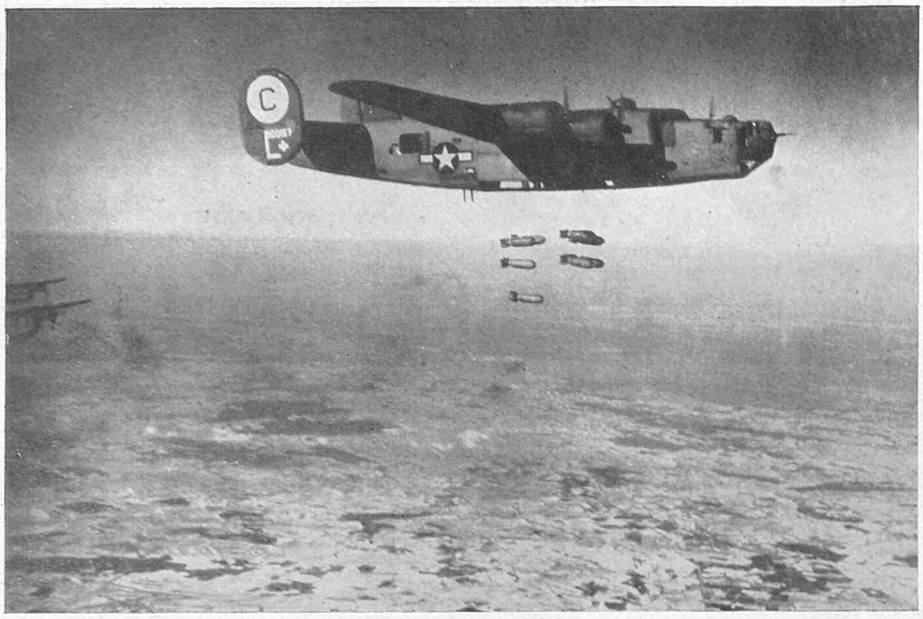
THE COMMANDER OF A SOVIET TANK BRIGADE directing the action of his unit by wireless telephone from a jeep car in a forward position

THE TWO MEN RESPONSIBLE FOR THE ELIMINATION OF THE GERMANS. Lieut.-General Kurkin (on left) and Colonel-General Rotmistrov watching Soviet tanks on the march into the "pocket" near Kiev

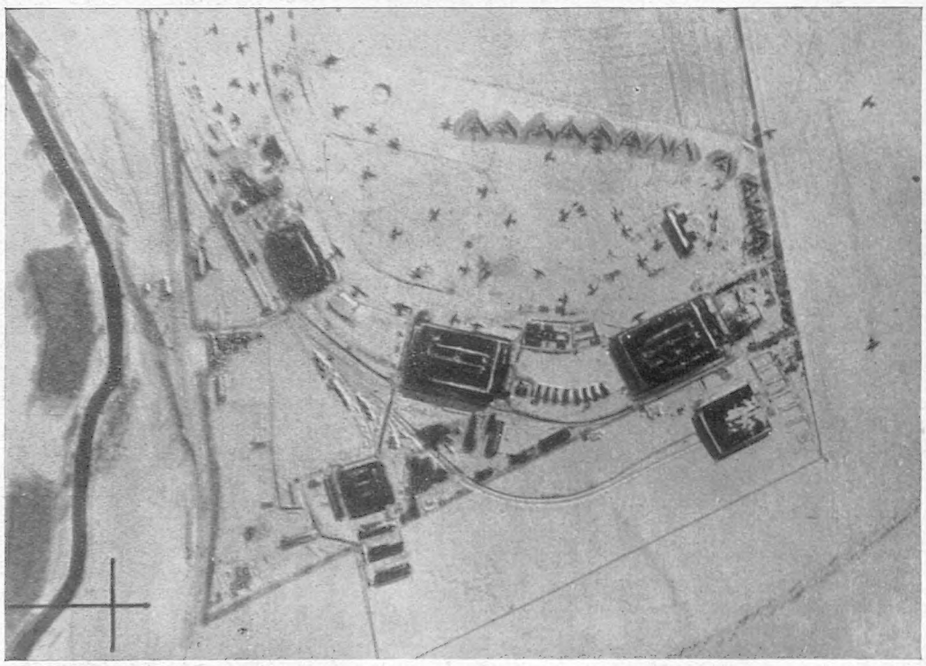
ONE OF THE HEROES OF THE SECOND UKRAINIAN FRONT—Lieutenant Jumin, of the tank forces (an acrobat by profession), who shot down a Ju.88, wiped out two enemy artillery batteries and one mortar battery, hit four German Tiger tanks and accounted for over 200 enemy officers and men. Part of the time he was fighting from a burning tank

DESTROYING the "LUFTWAFFE'S" AIRCRAFT FACTORIES

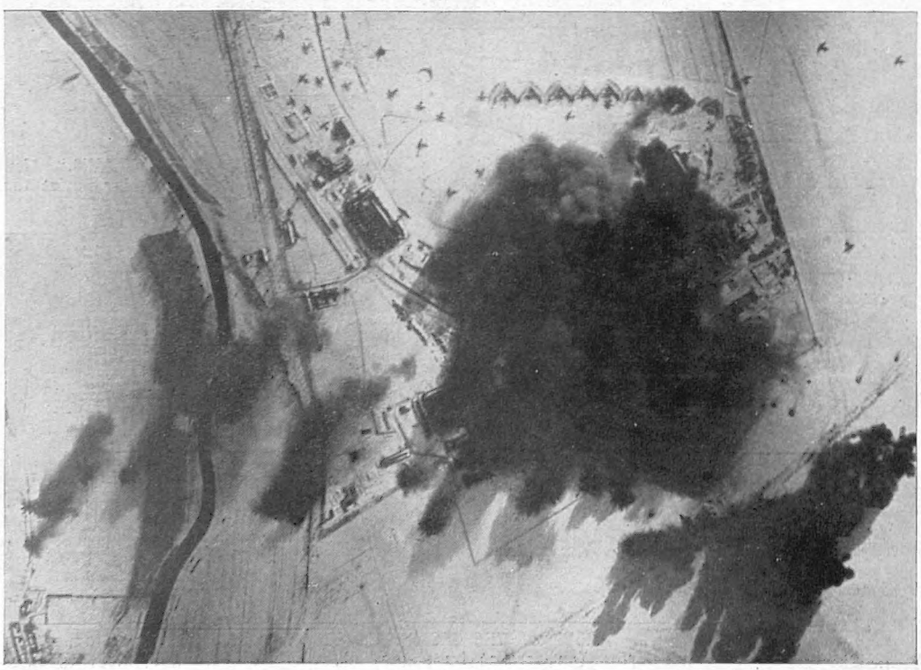
The Biggest Day Raid of the War, Carried Out by 2,000 American 'Planes



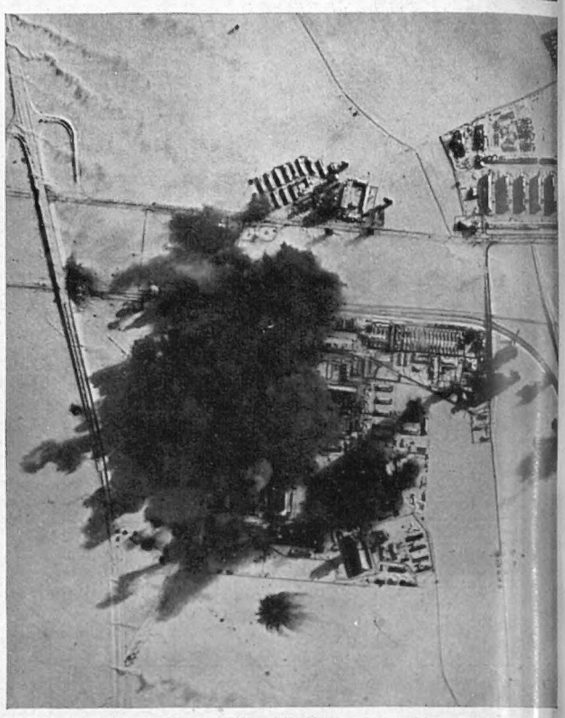
ALTHOUGH VISIBILITY WAS GOOD OVER MOST TARGETS, SOME OF THE BOMBING WAS DONE THROUGH CLOUD. This picture shows a Liberator dropping its load on an aircraft factory in Central Germany, when the target was obscured by patchy cloud



BACKGROUNDED BY SNOW, THIS IMPORTANT AIRCRAFT CENTRE PRESENTS A PEACEFUL SCENE. The picture shows the as-yet untouched buildings of the Bernberg assembly plant for the fighter model of the twin-engined Ju. 88 and the new Ju. 188



AFTER THE ATTACK ON THE AIRCRAFT CENTRE SHOWN IN THE UPPER PICTURE: Direct hits being scored on the Bernberg assembly buildings. In addition to buildings, seventeen aircraft on the ground were also destroyed or damaged

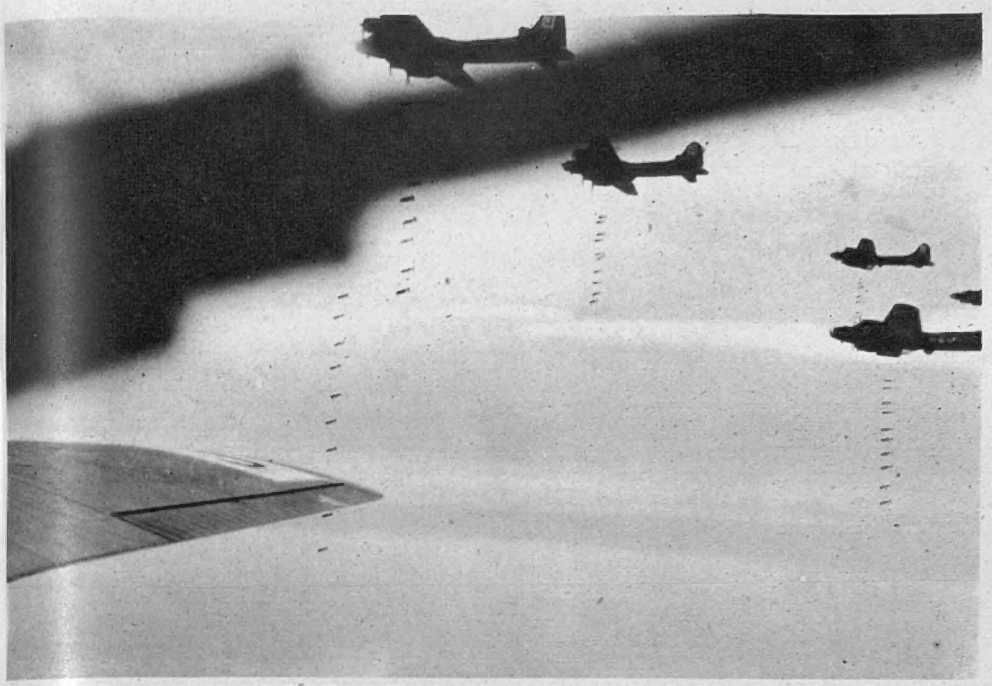


DENSE SMOKE COVERS THE RELATED ME. 109 COMPONENTS PLANT at Leipzig-Heiterblick, but pin-points of fire are seen in the vicinity of the components-making and sub-assembly shops and the power plant

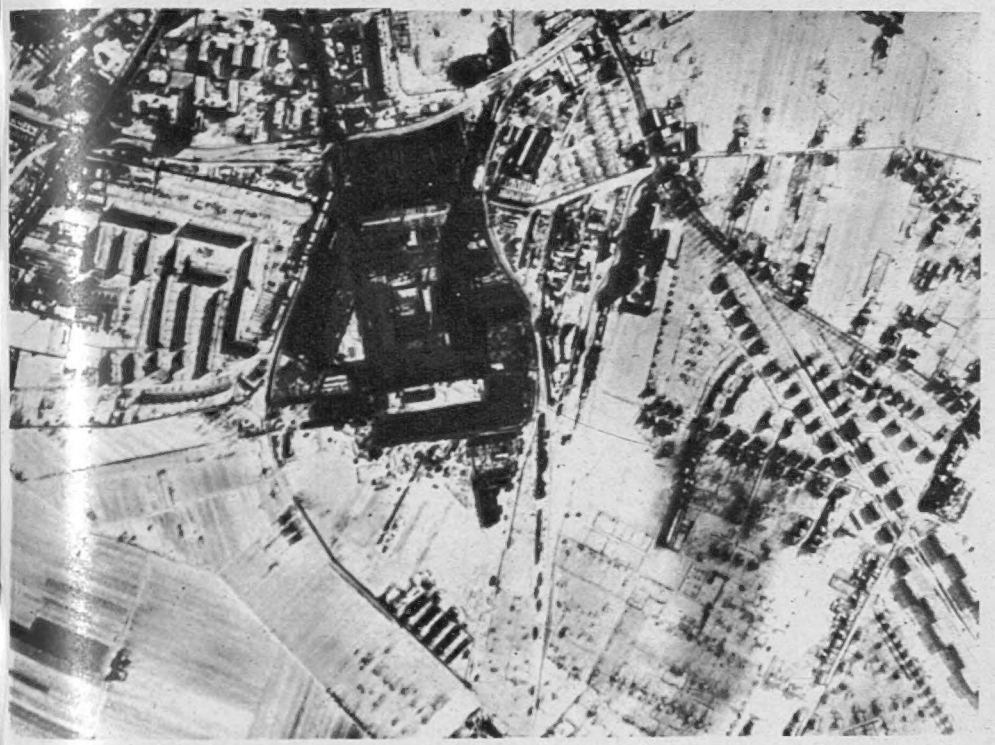
ALL THREE AIMING POINTS HIT at the Junkers and Messerschmitt plants at Leipzig-Mockau. Smoke covers direct hits on two fighter assembly shops and two flight hangars. *Lower right*—strikes are shown on three main bomber and transport assembly shops. *Upper centre*—Smoke rises after four direct hits on the Junkers assembly and component factories, and on offices and buildings of the adjoining *Luftwaffe* aerodrome. Twenty aircraft were also damaged or destroyed

United States bombers based in Britain made the greatest daylight assault yet launched against Germany on Sunday, February 20. Officially described as "the largest, most important and most hazardous air operation ever undertaken," it was aimed at a large number of fighter-aircraft assembly plants and major airframe component factories. Attacks were made with good results on assembly factories at Leipzig, Gotha and Bernberg, and on airframe component works at Brunswick and Leipzig. General Arnold, Chief of the U.S. Army Air Force, stated that the day assault was made by 2,000 fighters and bombers. He said that visibility was good over most targets and estimated that 25 per cent. of Germany's fighter-plane production capacity was knocked out. The American bombers were escorted by strong forces of long-range fighters, and were supported by R.A.F., Dominion and Allied fighters

INCIDENTS AFTER THE GREAT RAID



UNDER THE PROTECTION OF THEIR OWN DEADLY ·50-CALIBRE GUNS, Flying Fortresses let go their bombs over the target. The Forts are simultaneously waging a twofold war—against fighters in the air, and the German war machine on the ground



BEFORE THE ATTACK BY THE U.S. EIGHTH AIR FORCE BOMBERS. The main factory building, workshops and machine shops of the Messerschmitt 110 components plant located at Brunswick-Neupetritor

SMOKE BILLOWS SKYWARDS FROM HITS SCORED ON THE BRUNSWICK-NEUPETRITOR PLANT, where the bombers left the buildings shown in the upper picture ablaze. Heavy smoke obscured the exact extent of the damage

A WOUNDED GUNNER from the Liberator "Black Jack" is placed on a stretcher before being taken to hospital on return to the base in England

THE CREW OF THE FLYING FORTRESS "BUCKET OF BOLTS" are interrogated on their return from the bombing of Leipzig and Ascherslaven on February 20

CAPTAIN ALAN F. TUCKER signs for his wallet after completing his tour of operations with the raid over Leipzig. Sergeant Raglin, gunner, who has also completed his twenty-five operations, waits to sign for his wallet

LIEUT. WILLIAM D. BUTLER, who completed his twenty-fifth mission with the raid on Leipzig, talks it over with an American Army chaplain, Captain James C. Brown (on right)

The RETURN of the "BLITZ" to LONDON

Pictures During the Recent Raids, when the *Luftwaffe* Again Tried to Burn the Capital

THE MORNING AFTER A RAID: Soldiers help to clear away the smouldering debris. Some houses have been completely demolished, but the surface shelter still stands, although a bomb fell right alongside

THIS WAS A HOSTEL FOR REFUGEES FROM GIBRALTAR: it is in the London area, and now lies in ruins as the result of a direct hit a few nights ago

A SCENE OF DEVASTATION CAUSED BY HIGH EXPLOSIVES. Dropping in the roadway, the explosions wrecked a Labour Exchange, a garage on one side, and houses on the other: a crater now spans the roadway

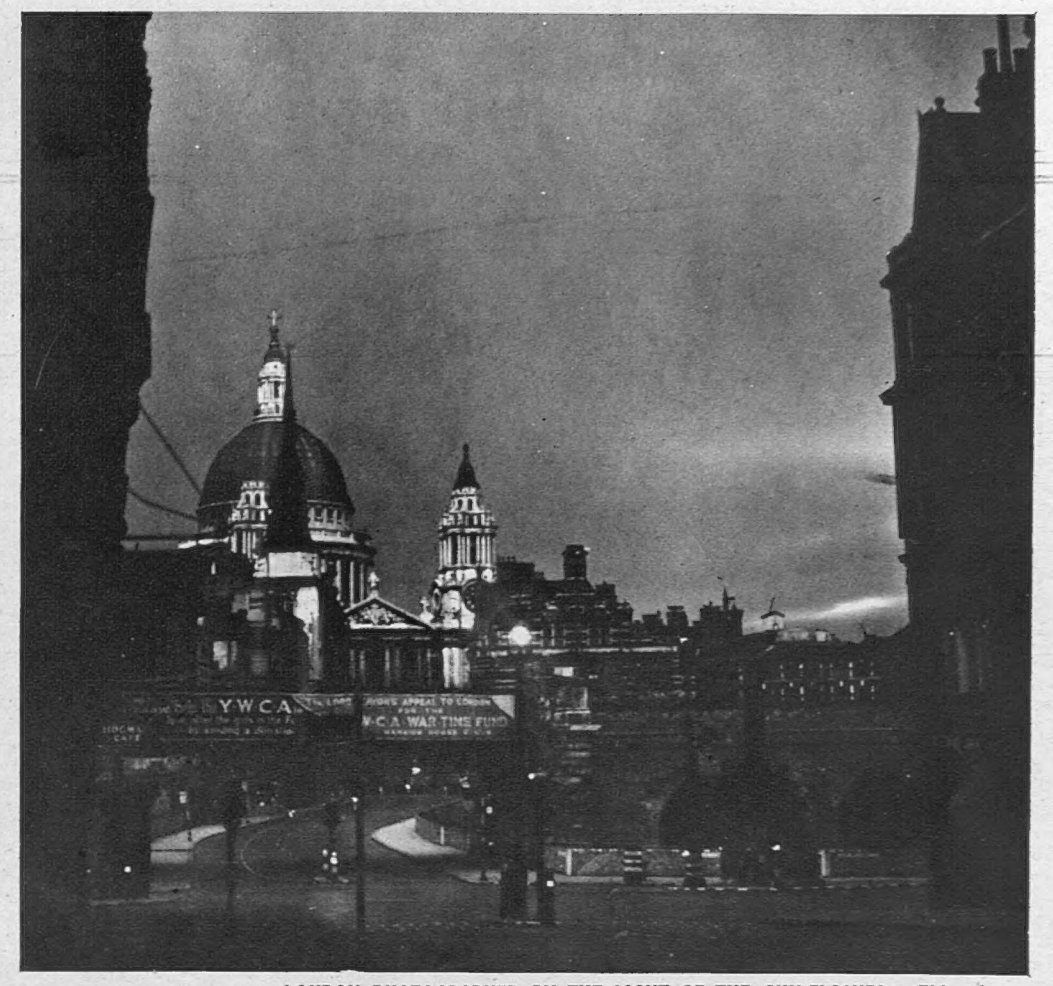
The *Luftwaffe* has returned to London. Urged on to "reprisals" by the devastating attacks of the R.A.F. on Berlin and other German cities, the Nazi bombers have attempted, once again, to renew the "blitz" of 1940-41—so far with but little effective success, as all observers agree. Using incendiaries and high explosives, the Germans are trying to blast and burn the capital, taking the R.A.F.'s "concentration" methods as their model. The pictures reproduced here were all taken within the past few days: they show some of the results achieved by the high-speed raiders, who—once more—are using their old undiscriminating methods of area bombing

A ROW OF DWELLING-HOUSES COMPLETELY SHATTERED BY BOMBS: When this picture was taken the morning after the raid, rescue workers were still searching (on the right) for residents thought to be trapped beneath the wreckage. Little remains but rubble and lath

WORK AMID THE RUINS. A rescue squad at work on a bombed house, making sure that there are no trapped victims beneath the rubble and salvaging any property of value they may find

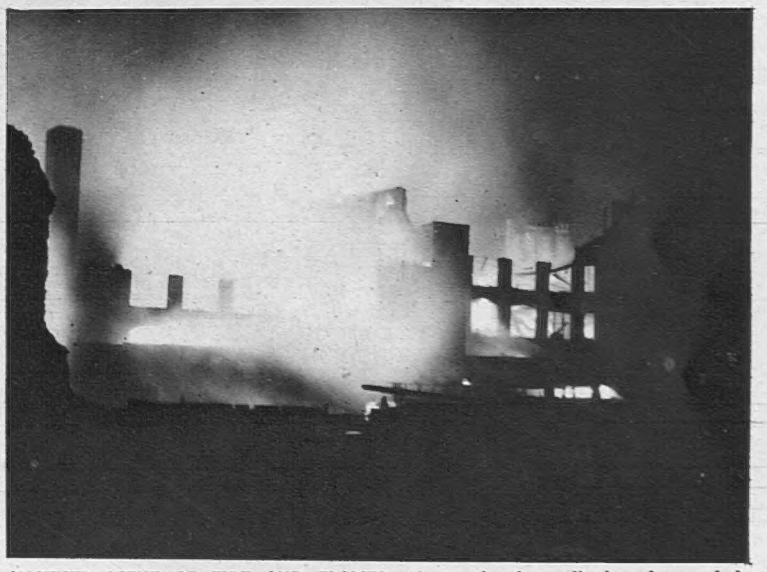
AN ELDERLY WOMAN HAS BEEN SAVED: she is being brought out of the house on a stretcher. She had been pinned down by wreckage, and her leg had to be amputated before she could be released

THE ATTEMPT TO BURN LONDON. This fire is out of control : fireguards can do nothing but watch the building burn. But many other fires were checked in their early stages by street fire-parties and N.F.S. firemen



LONDON PHOTOGRAPHED BY THE LIGHT OF THE GUN-FLASHES. This picture was taken during one of the darkest nights of the whole year : but on this night the gunfire was so heavy that St. Paul's and Ludgate Circus were lit up brightly enough for this photograph to be taken

FLAMES LEAP HIGH INTO THE SKY as a cigarette factory within the London area is set on fire by incendiaries. Houses within the immediate vicinity were brilliantly illuminated whilst the fire lasted



ANOTHER SCENE OF FIRE AND FLAMES where the incendiaries dropped by the raiders could not be checked quickly enough. This building is already merely a husk

AN ARMY MAJOR, THIRTY YEARS OF AGE, is brought out of a wrecked building. He died later : his wife and another relative had been killed by his side and by the same bomb

THE END OF ONE OF THE GERMAN RAIDERS : R.A.F. personnel examining the scattered wreckage of a German bomber shot down by A.-A. guns after one of the recent raids on London

EUROPE'S CAPITALS WILL REMEMBER 1944

An Analysis of what Each may Expect During the Coming Continental Struggles

By FERDINAND TUOHY

THE recommencement of air attack on London in a degree reminiscent of blitzing days falls into line with a phenomenon general throughout the Continent: anxiety mounting to anguish in the capitals of Europe as to how they will fare in the climax.

Will they get through entire? What additional scars, destruction, tragedy, upheaval, may be reserved for them? Europe's capitals, even the oldest, have not known such a year for hidden portents as 1944 promises to be. Never have so many great cities been fearful for their safety. A Bonaparte approaching the city gates was a tea-party compared with the menaces that threaten from bomb and land-mine, from the tide of battle, from terror and revolution, hunger and pestilence. Of course, this is not a common picture. A rare few capitals even look as if they may weather the tempest comparatively untouched. Others stand a good chance of escaping lightly or without overmuch damage. But over the majority is suspended a grim question-mark, if the inhabitants in some of the worst cases are by now too numbed to worry about what the future holds. The day-to-day holding together of mind and flesh takes up all their time.

London, as the first victim of air attack in history designed by itself alone to bring about a nation's surrender, looks around at its old scars with something akin to nostalgic regard. What is going to be added to them? Where? How? Yet London's curiosity, not untinged by an intelligible anxiety, is a far cry from the stark riddle that faced the capital in 1940. Even in this apocalyptic year London has a fair idea of what the worst should amount to, come fire, come glider-bomb, crewless aircraft, rocket-gun and suicide saboteurs.

The atmosphere of Paris is heavy with uncertainty and more. It is said that declaring her an open city in 1940 was the planned prelude to the Bordeaux capitulation, in which case never were a city's stones more dearly preserved. To-day they are threatened from various quarters, and much as Frenchmen and many another loves them, France comes first. So far Paris has had little, chiefly bomb damage in one or two outlying suburbs. Now attention is called to the centre of the city by German roping-off of whole areas, either mined or containing strong-points ready to be used as local fortresses.

Blockhouses have been built along the boulevards, which in part derived from Napoleon III's fear of the old curved streets in an uprising. Celebrated buildings round the Concorde, like the Crillon, have been given fire-power sufficient, it is reckoned, to deal with any trouble in the open Champs Élysées district, come it from without or within. For the French capital harbours thousands underground, on the run, "of the maquis." Paris fears she may be embroiled in raging battle, too, before the end.

The oft-sung Gay City of Light has grown to be silent, stagnant and austere. About 700,000 of 4,000,000 have left, though the empty streets suggest far more. A general painting, freshening and repairing would see the city back as of old. But the Parisians—would they be the same? Apparently not. Years of combat against hunger and fear of being taken away, the strain of wearing a mask before the Germans, habits of barter and scrounging, have produced a furtiveness, an exaggerated guarding of trivialities from other French people, an ingrowing moroseness.

It is a curious fact that the two European capitals which embody either extreme of wartime destiny, minimum embroilment and maximum laceration, are those Continental cities in closest day-to-day touch with one another: Stockholm and Berlin. Between the conserved beauty and life of the one, and the gathering shell of the other, recalling to Swedes themselves "a primitive hell as of barbarian times," are a score of other capitals, some scarred, some still immune, most of them deeply anxious, and nearly all of them altered for good, socially and temperamentally when not physically, by the experience of these years.

Stockholm may well change least, having long ranked as the most progressive, hygienic, attractively and intelligently built of the secondary capitals. But Berlin—one of Hitler's principal hells should be that he 'll not be here to preside over that architect's *kolossal* dream; the rebuilding of the Prussian capital. Already plans are out for a new super-super-city of 10,000,000 Berliners ere the dust has settled o'er the homes of 4,000,000, currently reduced to 2,000,000. "A most beautiful task lies ahead," conveyed Goebbels to 150 competing architects; which is easily understood if one reconjures the massive ugliness and deadly monotony of Berlin-that-was.

For the whole of Germany, refurbished in the '20's mainly on the strength of American lend-lost, "an unprecedented scheme" is announced, "taking the damage through Anglo-American raids as a welcome opportunity for the complete replanning of German towns." Note the "welcome." Martians might be forgiven for imagining that in order to get new homes, the Earthians have first to bring down the old ones on their occupants.

The fate of Rome has provoked more controversy than that of any other capital, and with the Allies standing closer to it than are the South Downs from Outer London, just what lies ahead for the Italian capital is less predictable than ever. On the one hand, we hear of the immense political and military prize that its capture would represent; on the other, that the Allies would be taking on a fearful drag in the shape of 2,000,000 more people to feed and no ports suitable to the task.

IN THE WORST HIT OF ALL THE EUROPEAN CAPITALS: A scene in the Warsaw Ghetto: This picture was reproduced in a leading German magazine recently; it comes to England via the United States, where it was received through neutral sources. According to the German caption, it shows "orderly traffic in the walled-in Ghetto of Warsaw." The Germans say that the Jews in the two-seater chairs—now the only form of transport in this part of the city—formerly occupied prominent positions on the Continent: they were driven from their homes in all parts of Europe, rounded up and forced to live in Warsaw

A military prize Rome certainly is, and the fact leaves us and the Romans guessing how much of battle may sweep the Seven Hills. The Germans have warned that they 'll defend and demolish, recognising solely the military factor. If General Alexander has spoken a wish for wide encirclement, the Allies by destroying Cassino Monastery have promulgated the far-reaching decision that the lives and wounds of all fighting men come before any buildings, whatever they may be. Rome has got off lightly so far, considering its degree of responsibility for this war.

Over in the Balkans, Athens stands in the path of the opposing armies. Yet, if Athenians collect no further ruins, this capital's anguish has other roots. Belgrade has lain bombed and bombarded these three years. Sections were blown up in later days by way of answer to partisan heroism. The centre of Sofia is largely in ruin from air attack, which is sure to recommence unless the Bulgars contrive to get out from under.

Nor can it be more than a matter of weeks before heavy Russian bombers work their will on Bucharest. Russia has not hitherto spoken without accomplishment, and when the Red Air Force begins to talk of strategic bombing, half-a-dozen other capitals besides Bucharest must be feeling the breeze. Helsinki was the first to be blitzed from the east, with immediate political consequences, and now the Russians are concentrating their warnings particularly upon Bucharest and Budapest.

Both capitals are said to be resolved not to undergo the fate of Sofia, which presumably means that Government will be moved elsewhere. In the meantime, "hardly a peasant's cottage or hut in the country-side" remains unlet outside the threatened capitals. But they will have to do more than declare themselves "open cities" and evacuated by Government if they wish to escape Russian bombers.

Pessimism in Vienna is said to hinge rather on fear of savage revolution—so many elements are present, not least the foreign labour-slaves of Nazism—than on the prospect of Allied bombing or likely German depredations in withdrawal. The Viennese believe that each side will spare them, the Allies as fashioners of Austrian liberty, and the Germans in order to maintain links with people of kindred blood. It may be an undue optimism, and it is augmented by the Viennese envisaging the war as likely to end without the opposing armies finding themselves locked in battle near the Austrian capital.

Prague, that capital which Hitler swore to raze at dawn unless Hacha signed on the dotted line, still stands architecturally untouched. The Germans are thought to have removed certain Government offices there, tempting Allied attack. But the heart of Bohemia, so finely old and modern at the same time, fears rather the hate and revenge of the Nazis when their time comes to quit.

Still considerably in her 1939 ruins, Warsaw expects to be a Russo-German battleground. Farther north, a like grim conundrum is apposed to Kovno, Riga and Tallinn. Even Copenhagen, a pretty and completed business, and so much of its social levelling already done—even the Danish capital risks involvement through invasion. While the shadow of Nazi vindictiveness hangs over Oslo, whose principal damage up to now came from a terrific explosion of unannounced origin.

Nearer to ourselves. The Hague has tasted of destruction in the Nazi levelling of parts of Scheveningen for defence purposes. The Dutch capital could well return to its elegant peace of yore and let other capitals develop themselves. Yet it lies athwart the quick road to Germany, and thinly-scarred Brussels no less so.

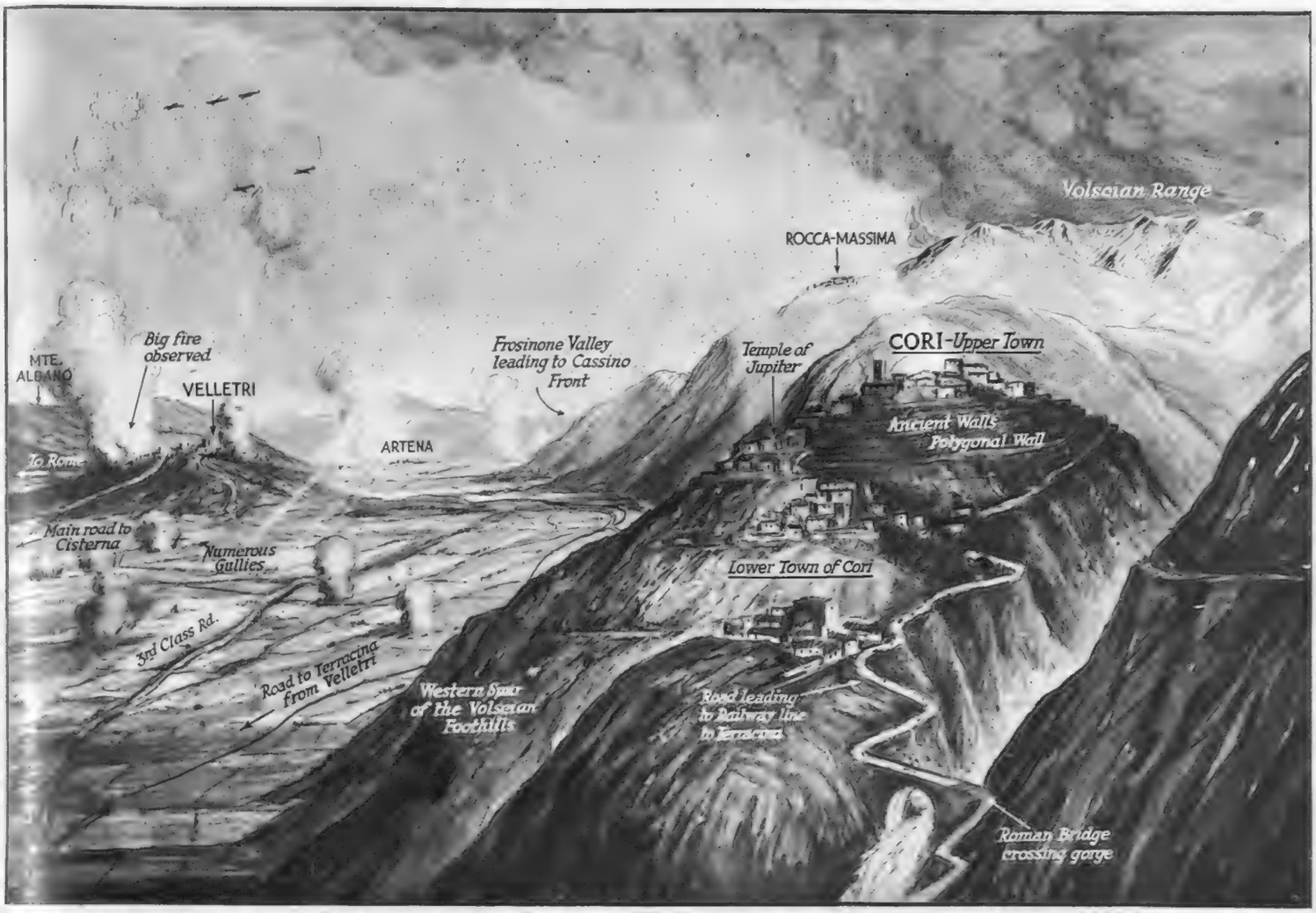
South as north, varying anxiety. Even little Berne, in its backwater of hills, could come into it, according to Swiss Defence Minister Kobel, did the occasion arise to refuse passage to foreign troops. One has to stretch out to a Lisbon and a Dublin to happen upon the counterpart of a Stockholm—actually the latter may well be more concerned in view of its proximity to Baltic happenings and Germans in Finland.

The unresolved Spanish position breathes uncertainty over still-scarred Madrid.

In point of fact, little-touched Moscow seems more safely away from it all than neutral and non-belligerent capitals. The ruin was destined for the old Russian capital, and of Leningrad one reads that, "as in other cities of the world, the intention is to take full advantage of the large-scale destruction to improve the city's appearance and give greater ventilation to the more congested parts."

IN THE WARSAW MARKET PLACE. Only Jewish people are allowed within the Ghetto. The Jewish police wear an armband marked with the Star of David and carry rubber truncheons

All the capitals have plans, that are faced by 1944's grim conundrum, and the more wounded they are the bigger the plans. Sweeping constructional changes aside, few, if any, are likely ever again to be the same in the foreigner's eyes as they were in 1939. Something deep down will change, apart from stones; a greater change than that which divided pre-1914 from the 1920's in those same cities.



THE MOUNTAIN BARRIER OF THE VOLSCIAN HILLS, ON WHICH THE GERMANS HAVE OBSERVATION POINTS WHICH DOMINATE THE WHOLE OF THE BRIDGEHEAD AREA. This drawing shows the historic old towns of Cori (of which there are Upper and Lower portions) and Rocca Massima, situated on a spur of the mountains. Velletri lies towards the plain on the left—*Drawing by Percy Home*

THE "ROAD TO ROME" AS THE R.A.F. SEE IT. The Appian Way, which runs almost due north to the Italian capital, is seen in the centre of the view: on both sides stretches the flat Pontine Marsh area. The marshes were drained during the Mussolini era and colonised by families of farmers: since the threat to Rome, certain portions have again been flooded by the Germans, as part of their scheme of defence

THE ROME BRIDGEHEAD

And the Ring of Hills Held by the Germans which Dominate It

Nature has provided the enemy with a number of observation posts in close proximity to the Rome bridgehead. In addition to the high points of Monte Albano and the hill-perched town of Velletri, there are also elevated sites in the Volscian Hills which command the whole of the bridgehead area. This range extends from the gap opposite Velletri in a curving line along the north-eastern side of the Campagna and of the Pontine Marsh area. Two chief spots in the Volscian range which command the Rome bridgehead are Rocca Massima, one of the highest pitched of all Italian mountain villages, and the historic town of Cori. The latter occupies a considerably less-elevated spur, but is more accessible by its twin roads from Velletri than Rocca Massima. A correspondent records that on a clear day he could see, through his glasses, enemy movements along the roads of Cori. These would be clearly exposed to view at various points from the nature of the town's situation.

From very ancient times the town of Cori, standing 1,300 ft. high, has been divided into two parts, Upper and Lower. By its position above wooded ravines, down which run tempestuous streams, Cori is of great natural strength. A large part of the Cyclopean walls which surrounded the town still remain. Great blocks of untrimmed limestone form the basis of the walls; above these are polygonal blocks, untrimmed on the outside, but cut to fit exactly to the next stone.

In the Upper town, eight columns of a portico of a Roman temple—the Temple of Hercules—remain, erected about the time of Sulla, in the first century B.C. The church of San Pietro stands alongside the temple and contains some Roman pilasters. An olive-grove lies between the Upper and Lower towns. Though obviously a place of importance under the Romans, Cori appears to have been deserted during the early Middle Ages. Apparently, its military value was recognised in the thirteenth century, when it was rebuilt and the walls strengthened.

SHANTY TOWN AT A SUPPLY DEPOT OF THE U.S. ARMY AIR CORPS IN ENGLAND. These are the "billets" occupied by the men at the depot, where the equipment coming from the United States is temporarily stored before being despatched to its proper destination. The "billets" have been made out of the huge cases in which American glider aircraft are packed for the Atlantic crossing

EQUIPMENT POURS into BRITAIN

Piling Up the Weapons of War Sent from America for the Coming Invasion of Europe

At many British ports and at a number of American air bases in this country, thousands of men are now being kept busy handling the aircraft and other equipment which is pouring in from the United States. This war material is obviously intended for the invasion of Europe. From factories spread right across the United States, aircraft, tanks, guns and all kinds of warlike stores are flowing in a never-ceasing stream: the Liberty ships of the United Nations are bringing this mass of material across the Atlantic in convoy, and depositing it at centres for assembly and subsequent despatch to strategic points throughout the country. Nor has the question of skilled personnel been ignored: when the invasion opens, the harbours of Great Britain will be the gateways to the Continent. In preparation for this, trained harbour companies and their boats are also arriving from the United States to assist the British authorities in supervising the heavy traffic in and out of ports. A number of American stevedores are co-operating in the work of unloading the ships.

THUNDERBOLT FIGHTERS BEING UNLOADED FROM A FREIGHTER at a British port. They have been brought across the Atlantic as deck cargo on one of the many Liberty ships now engaged on this work

ONE OF FOUR P-47 THUNDERBOLTS BEING HOISTED FROM THE STERN. Tail planes and propellers have been removed so that the four aircraft can be stowed without wastage of space on the freighter's decks

AMERICAN STEVEDORES UNLOAD SMALL TUGBOATS FROM THE DECK. The majority of these boats are being produced by yacht-building yards which once produced pleasure craft. Their crews have been specially trained for invasion tasks

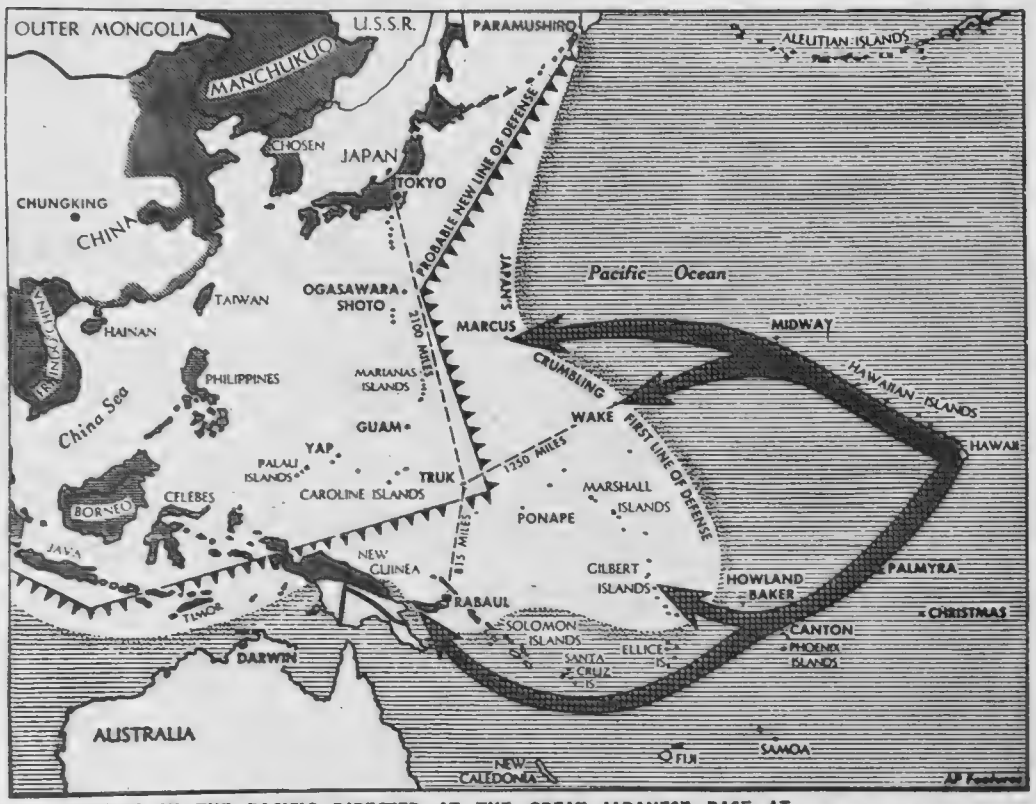
U.S. CARGO-CARRYING GLIDERS AT A DEPOT IN ENGLAND. They are complete except for their main and tail wings: these will be fitted later, and the aircraft then despatched to their proper destination

THE SCENE AT AN AMERICAN ASSEMBLY DEPOT IN ENGLAND. Here the P-38 Lightning fighters are made ready to fly after the long trip on a freighter's deck from the United States

THE FAMOUS LIGHTNING FIGHTERS—TWIN-ENGINED, TWIN-TAILED AIRCRAFT—AS THEY ARRIVE IN THIS COUNTRY FROM AMERICA. The planes are being drawn by tractor into "mangers," where they will then have their wings and propellers put on and where they will be checked over before going into service. Note the steel strips which form the "floor" of this depot

FIGHTING AGAINST THE JAPS

New Pictures Showing the Americans in Action Amongst the Islands of the Pacific



U.S. PINCERS IN THE PACIFIC DIRECTED AT THE GREAT JAPANESE BASE AT TRUK: A map which shows how the Naval, Air and Army pincers—by striking at the first Japanese defence lines at Wake, the Gilberts, New Guinea and Rabaul—are squeezing the enemy out of the mid-Pacific and pushing the war closer to Japan. A 1,500-mile advance for the United States in the Pacific looms with the opening of a new large-scale drive against the Japanese. Here is how the pincers are closing, to squeeze the enemy out of the mid-Pacific. This huge undertaking began when General MacArthur started to oust the Japs from the Solomons and New Guinea: it continued with the offensive in the Gilbert Islands, and with the New Britain landings (directed against the big base at Rabaul). Now the Americans have made attacks at the very heart of the Japanese octopus—at Truk

WHAT PACIFIC MUD IS LIKE! U.S. Marines with a caterpillar tractor and trailer are here moving ahead through a sea of mud with supplies for the troops driving the Japanese farther inland on Bougainville Island, in the Northern Solomons. Tropic rains which turned the soft roads into marshes caused the Marines to abandon their jeeps and trucks in favour of more powerful motorised equipment, until roads could be hard-surfaced with coral brought up from the beaches

THE MEN WHO BROUGHT BACK THE REPORTS OF JAPANESE ATROCITIES: These three American officers with General MacArthur made sworn statements which were the basis of the recent American report on Japanese atrocities. The picture was taken at the General's Headquarters in Australia on August 4, 1943, following their escape from the Philippines after nearly a year in captivity. They are, from left to right, Lieut.-Colonel William E. Dyess, Commander Melvyn H. McCoy and Lieut.-Colonel S. M. Mellnik. Colonel Dyess has since been killed in a plane crash in California—on December 21 last

A GENERAL'S LIVING QUARTERS ON BOUGAINVILLE ISLAND: Conditions were very "rugged" for all hands until American supremacy had been established. This picture, taken soon after the first landings, shows the tent which served as Headquarters for Brig.-General Field Harris, of the Marine Corps, who was in command of the Air Arm on the island

A JAP FREIGHTER OFF THE NEW GUINEA COAST UNDER ATTACK: A merchantman of 3,000 tons is here being bracketed by bombs from aircraft of the U.S. Fifth Air Force, while numerous other bomb-bursts may be seen in the background. The scene is Wewak Harbour, on the north coast of New Guinea: one enemy transport and one freighter were sunk during this onslaught

AMERICAN BOMBERS ATTACKING A JAPANESE AIRFIELD ON NEW GUINEA: This is a portion of Boram airfield at Wewak; the Japanese anti-aircraft positions here loom like giant birds' nests as B-25 Mitchell medium bombers swoop in low to raid the enemy air base. The bombers started fires in supply dumps and destroyed several small craft in the harbour during the attack. Wewak still remains a Jap stronghold in New Guinea, but it is being bombed unremittingly by the Allies

BLASTING ONE OF THE MOST IMPORTANT JAP BASES IN THE MARSHALL ISLANDS. Geysers of smoke and debris fly skywards from the aerodrome at Jaluit as bombs from American Navy planes score hits. The systematic destruction of these Jap island bases continues to tighten the noose which will eventually strangle the Japs in the Pacific. On January 29—apparently far in advance of schedule—Admiral Nimitz began operations against the Marshall Islands, following this attack up a few days later with another attack on Truk. In the Marshalls, certain of the atolls were soon in American hands, with attacks from the air continuing on those where landings had not been attempted. Jaluit was one of the important bases which were thus attacked, a large number of American aircraft taking part and doing much damage to the enemy's ground installations. Despite the comparatively small size of some of these Jap island bases, many of them contain airfields and other important military installations

THE U.S. MARINES LAY A ROAD UNDER WATER: An incident during the New Britain operations. During the landing on Cape Gloucester, landing craft were unable to go close inshore to unload trucks, bulldozers and other heavy Marine Corps equipment owing to a 3-ft. trough of surf. The Marines (who say "The difficult we do immediately: the impossible takes a little longer") laid a sandbag road under the surf and the landing craft were able to nose right up to the beach and disgorge their cargoes of vehicles. As a result of this ingenuity, the objective—an important Japanese airfield—was captured on schedule

JAP BARGES BOMBED NEAR THE NEW BRITAIN COAST: Most of the reinforcement of the Jap-held Pacific islands is carried out by means of barges, which creep from point to point, often by night and always camouflaged. American aircraft of the Fifth Air Force are continually harassing the Jap supply lines and regularly bomb the barges as they hug the island shores. This picture, taken off the New Britain coast, shows two of the vessels, part of a barge convoy, receiving hits from the air

THE WET-WEATHER MORNING MISTS WHICH LIE OVER THE CAMPAGNA MARSHLANDS: These have frequently given the enemy conditions in which he excels, during the course of which he has been able to consolidate "bulges" made in our lines around the beachhead perimeter—*Drawing by H. P. Burton*

The WEATHER FACTOR in ITALY

"... the Extremely Bad Weather which marks the Winter in the Supposedly Sunshine Land, which this Year has been Worse than Usual ..."—*The Prime Minister, in his War Review*

Mr. Churchill, in his War Review in the House of Commons, strongly reinforced the point which has been frequently made in this journal during recent weeks concerning the weather in "Sunny Italy." Over the beachhead, in particular, there has been clear evidence since the Anzio landings of why the Roman Campagna—of which the beachhead forms a part—has earned such a bad reputation. Not only have our forces had to endure nights of cold rain and sleet, but in the mornings the whole countryside has been veiled in heavy mists, under cover of which the Germans, in the earlier stages of the operations at least, were able to consolidate many of the "bulges" they had made overnight in our perimeter lines. Until a few years ago the mists of the Campagna were deadly with their threat of malaria: now, large areas have been ditched and drained—but even so, the district is still unhealthy, as witness such names as Campo Morto. In the drawing above our artist depicts the early-morning scene as British infantry and tanks await the clearing of the overnight mists to appraise their position and to detect how far the enemy have penetrated under cover of the mists into our lines, and thus altered the overnight situation.

The lower drawing depicts a scene in the Cassino region, where snows have been falling heavily. Several days ago a "battle that nobody planned" took place as the result of a typical enemy trick. Allied stretcher-bearers had gone forward to bring in a soldier who had been wounded by a German sniper, when they were fired on from a German strong-point. This sight so enraged the U.S. troops watching from their own lines that they stormed the German positions. All the enemy troops there were killed, but the Allied soldiers attracted a stiff barrage from the enemy artillery. Within a short time a real battle was raging, until our troops were ordered back to their former positions

FIGHTING IN THE SNOW ABOVE CASSINO. The battle on the freshly snow-covered slopes of Monte Cairo after Allied stretcher-bearers had been fired on from a German strong-point. This sight so enraged the American troops watching from their own lines that they stormed the German positions: within a short time a real battle was raging, and "it took a general and four full colonels to stop it"—*Drawing by Edward Osmond*

A NIGHT GALE OF EXCEPTIONAL FIERCENESS SWEEPS OVER THE CARROCETO AREA WITHIN THE ANZIO BRIDGEHEAD. Trees were uprooted during the course of this storm, roads were turned into quagmires, and great havoc was wrought at many points—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

Heavy weather with low rain-clouds for days in succession hindered Allied flying, and on certain days rendered any air activity impossible. On rarer occasions the wind has risen to gale force, uprooting trees and causing havoc and discomfiture at many points. On one such occasion, the gale occurred at night when the local situation was tense. The wind roared through the trees and howled through shattered buildings. Men took what shelter they could from the driving blast. It was almost impossible to move tanks to desired positions or to bring up lorries with supplies for the forward positions. The enemy has sought to employ every workable hour of this heavy weather to move his reinforcements into the frontal zone. He has been caught out so often in the finer spells of weather that his movements have largely been restricted to working along gullies and through woods when the weather has prevented the prying eyes of the Air Force from spotting his concentrations

HAND-TO-HAND FIGHTING IN AN ITALIAN GALE. The advance on this position at the most northerly part of the bridgehead area was made during a wild night of storm. When zero hour for the attack came, with the guns laying their barrage, the gale was at hurricane force. Attempts to rally or regroup by whistle or other signal were made difficult by the high winds and general climatic conditions. During the bitter fighting deluges of rain fell; as the enemy advanced to point-blank range, British and Germans fought with rifle, machine-gun, bayonet and grenade in a fierce hand-to-hand mêlée—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

FIGHTING IN THE GULLIES OF THE BEACHHEAD

HOW A MORTAR CREW WORK. The weapon being used here is a 4·2-in. mortar: the crew are covering their ears just as the shell is being fired. It is usual to dig a square hole in the ground as a sort of rough-and-ready gun emplacement

ONE OF THE GERMAN BEACH DEFENCES AT NETTUNO. An enemy pill-box made of steel and erected on a concrete base. It is being guarded by American military police after its capture in the beachhead

THE NATURE OF THE GRIM STRUGGLE AR
battery, operating from prepared positions i

Three mortar sergeants of the Fifth Army have just given an account of the battle depicted above. "There were so many Germans," said one, "that we were switching our mortar targets every second to stop them. We fired with reduced charges and aimed without using our sights. We lobbed the mortars in among the enemy and saw the havoc they caused. We couldn't miss." The Nazis had, apparently, infiltrated behind the company's position. While the British were holding off one lot, other Germans got round and jumped into the weapon pits: then it was hand-to-hand fighting, with the mortar crews using their rifles and tommy guns. When all their ammunition had been fired and the Germans who had attacked the weapon pits were killed or captured, the three sergeants formed up their men. Crawling in the stream which ran along the gully, they passed through the enemy lines. They had to abandon their mortars, but they removed the breech-blocks and sights. The gully shown in this drawing is typical of the Campagna. Viewed from a slight elevation, the general flatness of the country may be very deceptive, for radiating out from the volcanic hill group of Mte. Albanon are innumerable channels which descend the hill-sides and continue across the flatlands.

On left — CYCLE COMMANDOS GO ASHORE. Their bicycles have been specially built to carry heavy loads, which are strapped on the carrier fixed to the front of the machine

ND THE ANZIO PERIMETER: BLOW AND COUNTER-BLOW IN ONE OF THE COUNTLESS RIVER GULLIES WHICH SEAM THE BATTLE AREA. A British mortar ne river-bed, withstands a heavy attack by the Germans, after the enemy had infiltrated behind the company's position and attacked at the very closest range—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

GERMANS BURY THEIR OWN DEAD IN THE BRIDGEHEAD. Captured around Nettuno, these prisoners are digging the graves for those of their comrades who were killed during the recent fighting

MASS AT NETTUNO: An American chaplain conducts a Roman Catholic service at a Receiving Hospital within the beachhead before the men move up into action in the battle area

The NAVY at ANZIO

In Support of the Land Operations in the Beachhead

—Special Sphere Drawings

For many weeks past there have been constant references from Italy to the aid which the Royal Navy has been giving to the land forces in their desperate struggle with the massed German divisions south of Carroceto. From official news stories and the reports of various war correspondents, a more detailed impression of the Navy's help can be gathered. Not only have our warships been patrolling the shores of the beachhead and of the area immediately to the south; vessels have also been standing in and "hurling in tons of shells with deadly precision into the enemy's ranks."

Cruisers and destroyers have been the two types of naval craft specially employed in this work, which has been carried on in fair weather as in foul. When air assistance has been limited by the weather, the ground forces have been especially grateful to the Navy for its aid.

The recurrence of the name of H.M.S. *Mauritius* has shown how busy this cruiser has been in pounding points along the shore where the enemy has been obviously accumulating stores or passing supplies from one area to another.

LANDING REINFORCEMENTS AND STORES DURING A GALE AT THE ANZIO BEACHHEAD: A Fifth Army "Duck" coming ashore in the light of searchlights from naval craft during the great gale which recently swept the beachhead area (see also page 303). To the right, stores which had been hurriedly landed from previous vessels are being moved up on to the beach—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

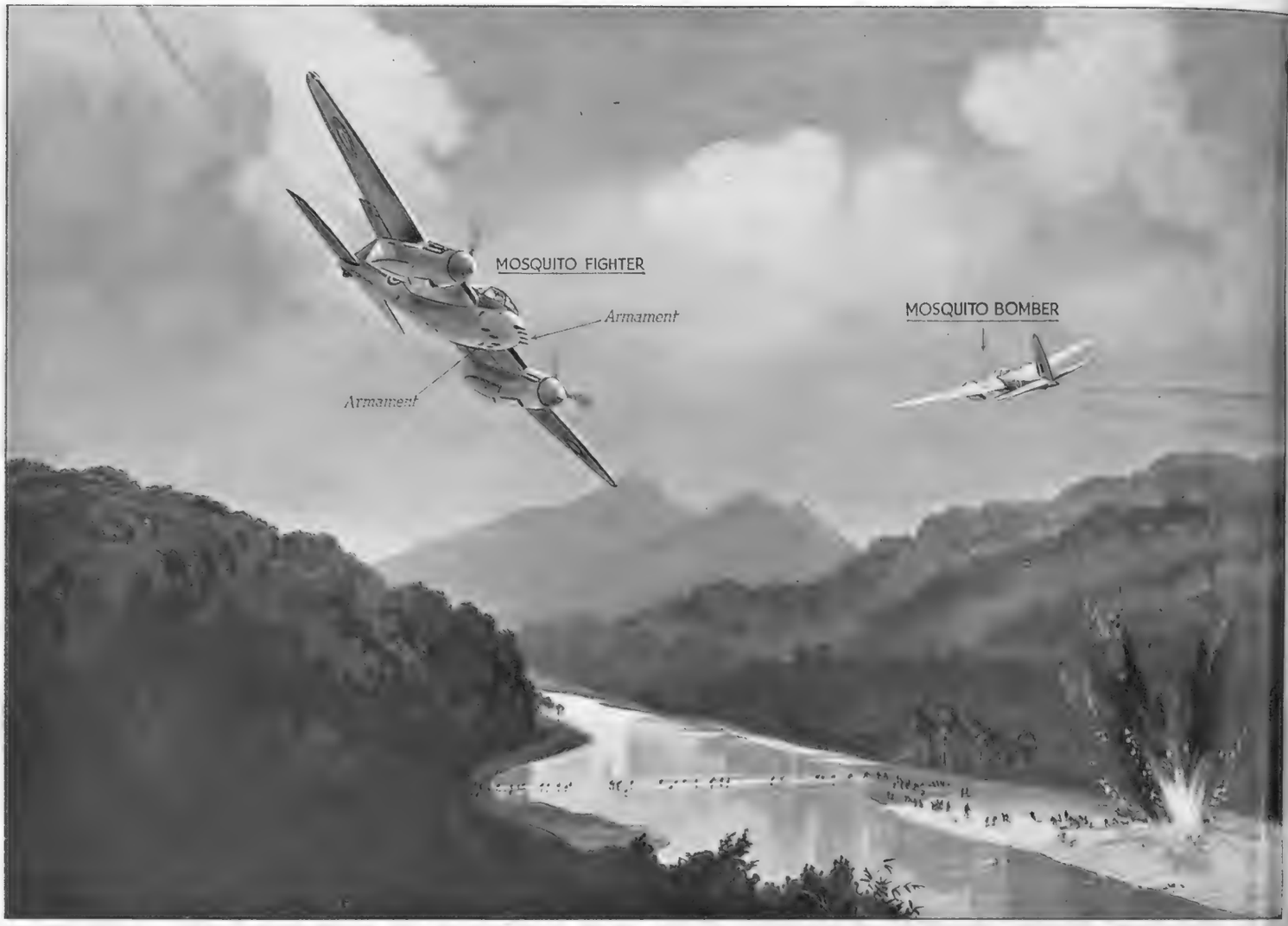
RITISH NAVAL AID OFF THE ITALIAN COAST IN ALL WEATHERS. THE 8,000-TON CRUISER "MAURITIUS" SHELLING GERMAN POSITIONS ON THE MAINLAND IN SUPPORT OF THE ARMY'S OPERATIONS IN THE ANZIO BEACHHEAD, on a day when the weather was too bad for the Allied bombers to get off the ground. The cruiser was accompanied by the 5,450-ton cruiser "Dido" (in far background at right)—*Drawing by Montague Dawson*

On right—**"THE TRAM RUN TO ANZIO." American Rangers landing from their big vessels under German bomb and machine-gun fire**

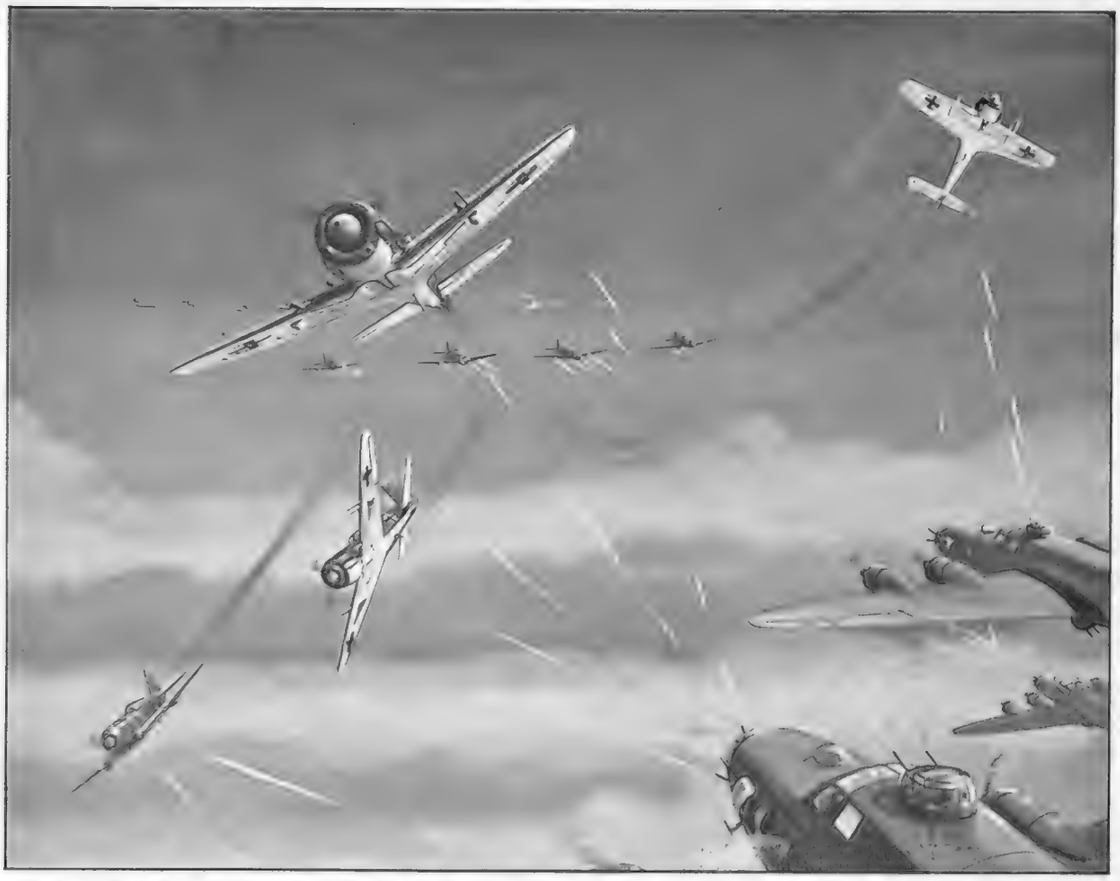
—Drawing by Wm. McDowell

The L.C.I., or Landing Craft Infantry, of the U.S. Army are box-shaped vessels with chains and landing-gear clanging like a tramcar on worn-out points. They have been maintaining a regular day and night service to the Anzio bridgehead. So the Americans call it "the Tram Run." There was a time at the beachhead when twenty German bombers dived out of the sun. American Rangers were being disembarked. They walked off as if going on parade. "It meant walking into 3 ft. of water, but I 'll swear they all kept in step and not one even looked at the sky," said one officer who witnessed the incident

On left—Landing at Anzio is not an easy task even in the daytime: by night, and with a heavy gale blowing up, it can be nerve-racking. "Ducks" and similar small craft are brought from the base in the big carrier craft, and then sent off when within sprinting distance of the shore. The work of bringing men and material to the beaches has been carried on in spite of all the weather hazards—which, during recent weeks, have been considerable



MOSQUITOES IN BURMA: BOTH THE FIGHTER AND BOMBER VERSIONS OF THIS FINE BRITISH AIRCRAFT ARE NOW OPERATING OVER THE EASTERN JUNGLES, harassing the Jap land forces as well as giving battle to Jap aircraft. This picture shows the two types of Mosquito collaborating against Japanese infantry caught at a river-crossing in the forests—*Drawing by Roland Davies* (See notes below)



HOW THE GERMAN FOCKE-WULFS ATTACK THE DAYLIGHT-RAIDING FORTRESSES OF THE AMERICANS. Flying four abreast, waves of German fighters come head-on, only breaking formation after their attack has been delivered. This is a new method followed by the enemy during the recent American raid on Frankfurt: the Focke-Wulfs had white "bellies" and a greater wing-span than usual, indicating that the attack may have heralded the appearance of a new type of Focke-Wulf fighter. Some fifteen enemy aircraft took part in this form of aerial combat—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

THE WAR IN THE AIR

Impressions of Aerial Combat In Burma, Germany and Italy

—Special Sphere Drawings

The Mosquito, one of Britain's most successful aircraft, is now known to be operating in the Eastern section of the World War. It is sweeping over the jungles on the Burmese frontier, harrying the Japanese forces wherever they can be spied out in this difficult land of tropical forests, rivers and streams. Both fighter and bomber versions have been engaged in the attacks on the Japanese tortuous lines of communication. In the drawing above, a fighter-type Mosquito is seen operating with its guns against a body of Japanese troops caught in the act of crossing one of the jungle streams, whilst a bomber type is lending support with its bombs.

It was revealed some little time ago that the Mosquito is in service in several versions—as a day- or night-bomber, a long-range day- or night-fighter-intruder, etc. The fighter is armed with four 20-mm. cannon and four ·303 machine-guns, all mounted in the fuselage nose and giving a highly concentrated fire. The bomber carries 2,000 lb. of bombs, with a fuel range which allows of the longest flights. The Mosquito is one of the most versatile aircraft in the world to-day. It is constructed largely of wood, and the hull is designed in two separate halves: this facilitates ease of assembly in factory fitments before the final assembly. In the nose and just underneath are the cannon and machine-gun armament

THE "LUFTWAFFE'S" ATTACK ON THE ANZIO VILLAS AND THE ALLIED STORES ON THE BEACHES. The Nazis have been employing a special type of bomb when attacking the buildings along the sea front. The villas of the well-to-do summer visitors have been picked out as special targets, and the Allied store dumps along the front have suffered too—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

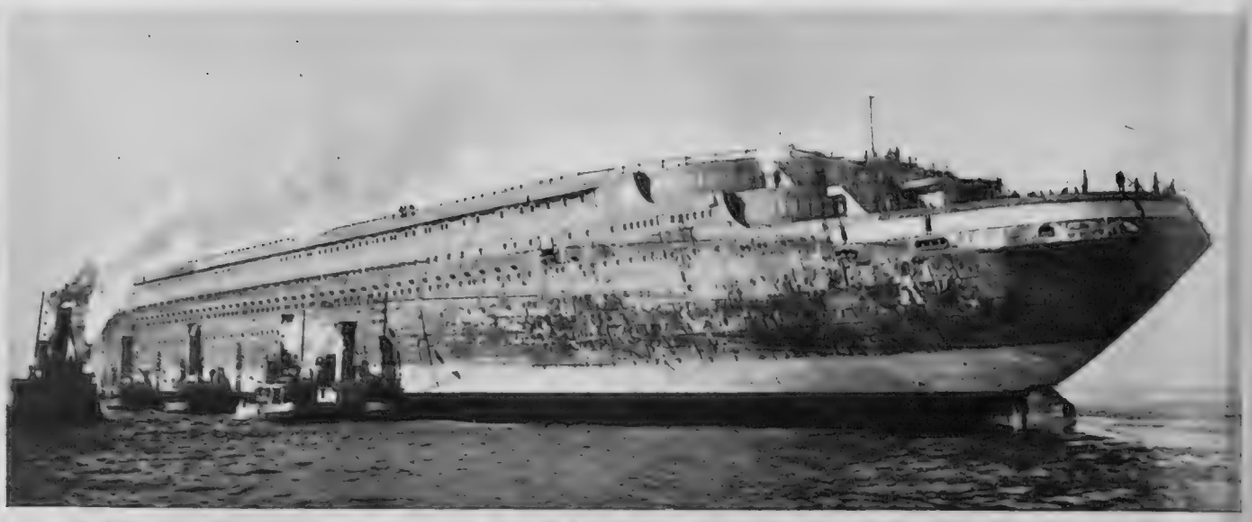
In conjunction with the reckless expenditure of men in thrusts against the perimeter of the Rome beachhead, the *Luftwaffe* was from time to time thrown into the fray with the desperate endeavour to stop the flow of men and supplies reaching the landing-places. One special objective appeared to be the villas of the well-to-do summer visitors. These, set in gardens on rising ground behind the main road, were a conspicuous and somewhat easy target. They were attacked with a special type of bomb with slightly delayed action, causing it to burst after penetrating the upper floors. Beachhead stores were also attacked, and more or less direct hits were made at various points. One of the most distressing was a dump of tens of thousands of cigarettes, and another was a big pile consisting of bottles of whisky. These blazed furiously—an agonising sight! The *Luftwaffe* pays heavily for these expeditions

FLYING FORTRESSES JOIN IN THE BEACHHEAD FIGHTING. THE BIG ALLIED BOMBERS ARE NOW ENGAGED IN TACTICAL ASSAULTS on roads, tank concentrations and other vital objectives within the battle area, blowing up buildings and leaving huge craters all over the flat ground of the Roman Campagna—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

The air activity over the Rome beachhead has produced a vision of concentrated air power which is rarely witnessed, for in addition to the varied types of fighters, fighter-bomber and fast fighter bombers, the Wellingtons and heavy four-engined bombers, diverted from their usual task of long-distance target-bombing, joined in the general task of harassing the enemy in every possible way within the battle area itself. Destruction was caused to enemy concentrations of vehicles and tanks on the roadways, which were themselves in many cases made useless to the enemy by huge craters. Tented camps were set on fire and houses demolished in a way which further blocked traffic. The losses in general have been heavily against the enemy. Our own losses have been slight. On one day recently, only one Allied plane was lost out of 1,500 sorties. Fortresses and Liberators have roamed around the verge of the fighting area, dropping heavy bombs on such towns as Albano, Velletri, Cecchina, Campoleone and Cisterna and positions along the foothills of the Volscian Range

AROUND THE BATTLE-FRONTS OF THE WORLD—

A Selection of Pictures from all Quarters of the Globe



THE "NORMANDIE" SAILS AGAIN: The most recent picture of the former luxury liner (now the U.S.S. "Lafayette") as she was being towed by a fleet of tugs to her repair berth at the Todd Shipyards in Brooklyn, New York

She will now remain at this spot until all the work prescribed by the U.S. Navy has been completed. Note the new paint reaching to a point approximately even with her Plimsoll line. The transfer of the giant luxury liner from an undisclosed dry-dock on the New Jersey coast was made on January 11. The *Normandie* (now the *Lafayette*) capsized at her North River Pier at New York, following a disastrous fire which gutted her in February 1942

AMERICAN NAVY BOMBERS ESCORT A CONVOY INTO A BRAZILIAN PORT: The aircraft are Mariner patrol boats operated by the U.S. Navy: they are here flying over the harbour of Rio de Janeiro, capital city of Brazil, as they bring an Allied convoy into a safe anchorage. Mariners are used by the Navy for coastal patrols, as well as for guarding merchantmen in South Atlantic waters

NEW "EXPOSURE SUITS" TO COMBAT THE EFFECTS OF ICY WATER: In the 40-degree waters of the Canadian Atlantic, four R.C.A.F. flying men prove conclusively that the new lightweight waterproof "exposure suits" will increase an airman's chance of survival in frigid seas, during a three-day series of tests by a committee of U.S. and Canadian Air-Sea Forces. The airman on the starboard side floats comfortably in a close-fitting, American-made suit, while the "victim" off the stern is clad in the bulkier Canadian-type garment. Two others in the raft are timed as they don the "overalls" after a dousing. Others, without the suits, became acutely uncomfortable in the water and had to be "rescued" almost immediately

1. The Carrier was pitching in a heavy sea: as the vessel was at the top of her pitch, Lt. Brownstein's plane slowed down, came to a halt, then spun sharply to the right. In a few seconds it plunged over the side of the flight-deck

2. As a crew-member looks on, the plane begins to disappear into the chill waters of the North Atlantic. The pilot reports that the pitch of the Carrier at this point made his fall approximately 75 ft.

3. Lt. Brownstein can be seen in the cockpit after its first "bounce." The pilot escaped injury by ducking his head: his left side was bruised, but he was fortunate enough to escape without another scratch

FLYING FROM A CARRIER DECK: Heavy seas nearly spelled disaster for Lt. Julius R. Brownstein, an American Navy pilot. He was attempting to take off from the deck of a Carrier when he made his near-fatal plunge into the stormy North Atlantic

WITH THE PARTISANS OF ALBANIA. A view of the hospital at Llixha, where the guerilla fighters are cared for when wounded in action against the Germans. It was formerly a sulphur spa for tourists, but it has now been taken over by the fearless supporters of Marshal Tito. All the nurses working in the hospital carry arms against sudden enemy raids

RUSSIAN ARMY COMMANDERS: *left to right*—General L. A. Govorov, Commander of the Leningrad Front; General K. K. Rokossovsky, Commander Belorussian Front; and General N. F. Yatutin, Commander of the First Ukrainian Front

General I. S. Konyev, who commands on the 2nd Ukrainian Front

General Malinovsky, Commander of the 3rd Ukrainian Front

General F. I. Tolbukhin, Commander of the 4th Ukrainian Front

"BOOMTOWN" at a U.S. MARINE CORPS AIR BASE IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC: This camp under the trees features hamburger stands, steam laundries, running water, screened-in portable living quarters and a mess hall of solid mahogany. And all is within range of Jap bombers! This is not a summer rest camp: the residents of the huts are U.S. Marine pilots who fly from an airfield nearby

U.S. NURSES TRAIN FOR THE SECOND FRONT INVASION: These women are now completing their training at an evacuation hospital in Wales. They will be among the first women to go ashore on the beachheads of Western Europe. Theirs is the only American hospital in this theatre of operations which is completely under canvas—a real field unit. Wounded are given emergency treatment, their general condition diagnosed and they are cared for over a period of forty-eight hours. After that time they are sent on to the base hospital

PLASTIC WOOD DOES ITS SHARE IN CARRYING THE ARMY'S CARGOES: This new plane is made of "Woodpecker's Haven," or plastic wood. It is constructed so that its front end, or "beak," swings open for loading and unloading. The aircraft was recently shown in operation during a public display at the Repair Depot of the U.S. Army Forces at Warner Robins, in Georgia

A STAR LINES UP FOR HER MEAL: Una Merkel, Hollywood screen and radio star, is here lining up for a meal in an Army camp in the South Pacific. With Gary Cooper and Phyllis Brooks, she is now engaged on an entertainment tour of American bases in the Pacific battle zone

FIGHTING in the FAR NORTH

BEYOND THE ARCTIC CIRCLE: Russian tank crews checking their weapons before going out on a battle mission. They are wearing their white protective uniforms for work amidst the Arctic snows

HOW THE RUSSIAN INFANTRY GO INTO ACTION: They are carried up to the battle-line by reindeer-drawn sleds across the frozen tundra. They then deploy to attack the enemy in the cold and misty Arctic half-light

GERMAN SOLDIERS, THEIR ARMS RAISED IN SURRENDER. The bitter cold, insufficient clothing, and bad news from their bombed home towns have frequently brought about collapses of morale. Often the Germans have given themselves up without a struggle

IN THE FAR NORTH, reindeer take the place of motorised transport. The wounded are conveyed to a field-hospital which has been constructed underground, away from the eyes of the "Luftwaffe"

THE SAAMI TRIBE ARE A HARDY PEOPLE who, like the Lapps, know how to handle reindeer. A group of them are here seen leaving their tent lodges to join the Red Army: their reindeer are going with them

FINLAND IS THREE TIMES BIGGER THAN ENGLAND. This map shows her frontiers, and the areas she has acquired, or still hopes to acquire, from Russia

FINLAND TO-DAY

Will She Quit the War—or Go Under Fighting?

It is now generally known throughout Finland that, whether or no Germany wins the war against Russia, the Finns have quite definitely lost it. Yet the country is still in a very stubborn mood, despite M. Paasikivi's recent negotiations with the Soviet; and this stubbornness arises mainly from territorial considerations. Finland is greater than most people in this country realise: it is 700 miles in length, and contains an area three times larger than that of England. Much of the territory consists of lakes and forests, with the bulk of the population concentrated in the southern portion, fringing on the Gulfs of Bothnia and Finland.

By December 1941 the Finns had occupied a portion of former Russian territory around Lake Ladoga—the Karelian Isthmus included. They had also occupied an area immediately to the west of the Murmansk railway near Kandalaksha. In addition, the Finns desire to secure the portion of land marked on the above map to the north of Petsamo, although this has not been captured by them. Needless to say, the Russians have no intention of parting with any of these regions, threatening as they do Leningrad, the Murmansk railway and the port of Murmansk itself.

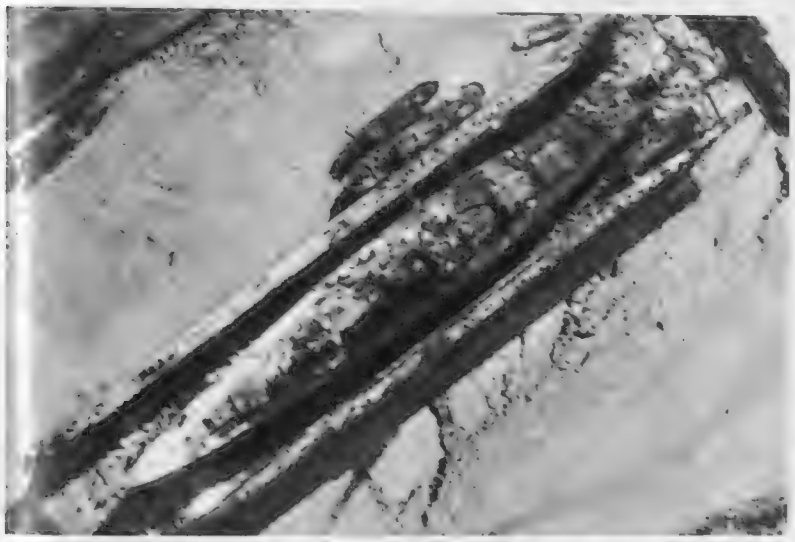
It would almost appear as if, until these claims are disposed of, the "stubbornness" of the Finns with regard to Russia and Peace will continue!

The "GNEISENAU" OUT of the WAR

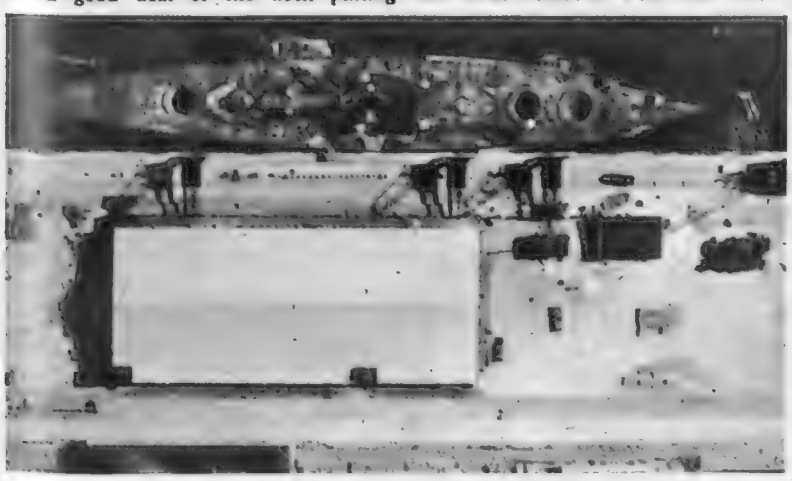
British Official Photographs Showing the German Battle Cruiser "hors de combat" in the Polish Port of Gdynia

1—DECEMBER 1941. The "Gneisenau," 26,000-ton battle-cruiser (lower vessel), with the battleship "Scharnhorst," in dry-dock under camouflage at Brest, where both took refuge in the spring of 1941

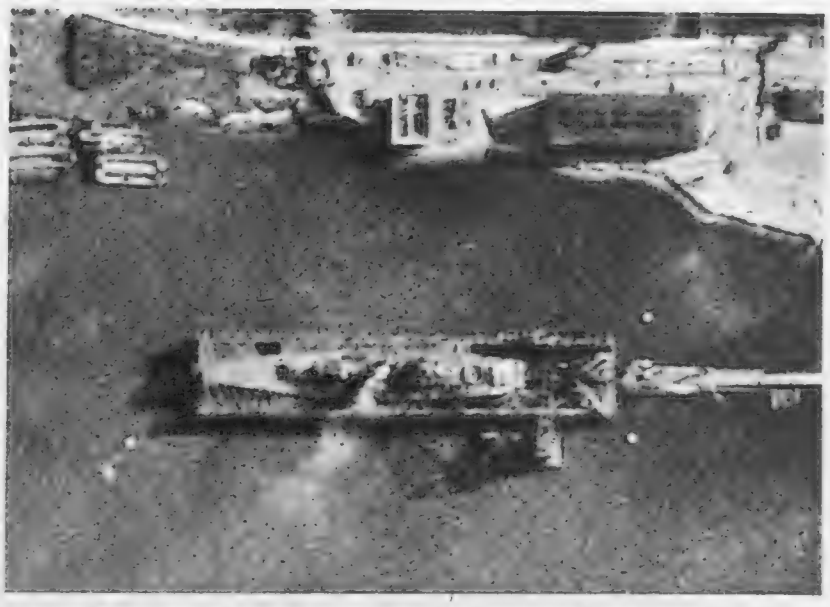
2—DECEMBER 1941. During a daylight attack on Brest. The "Gneisenau" (on right) has just received a hit on her starboard side. Two Halifax bombers are seen going into the attack



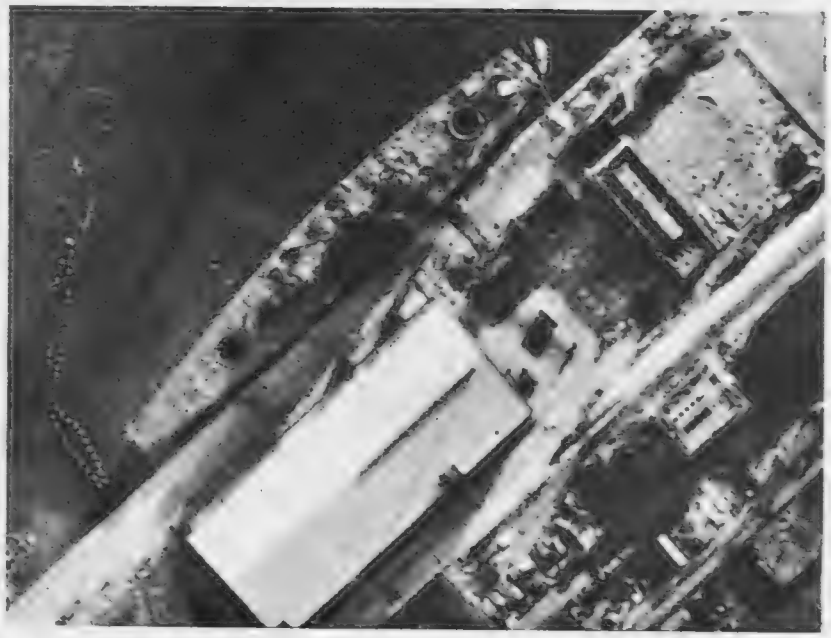
3—MARCH 1942. The "Gneisenau" at Kiel after her eventful passage through the Channel from Brest. Work was in progress on her and already a good deal of the deck plating had been removed from the bows



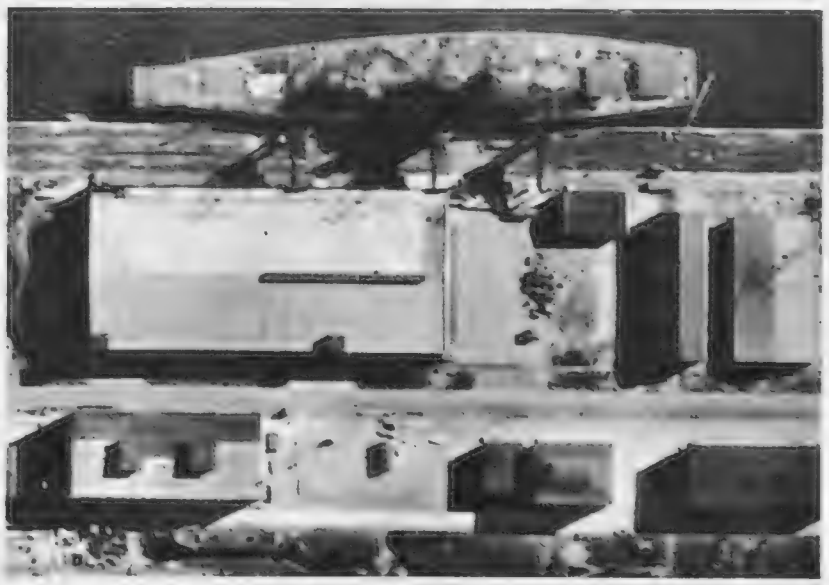
4—AUGUST 1942. The "Gneisenau" at Gdynia. Her A turret had been removed and the B and Y turrets were being dismantled; for about 30 ft. from her bow the forecastle deck had been removed



5—OCTOBER 1942. Still at Gdynia, the Polish port now the Nazi's main naval base: the battle-cruiser "Gneisenau" under camouflage



6—NOVEMBER 1942. Another picture of the "Gneisenau," still under camouflage a month later at Gdynia and protected by netting



7—OCTOBER 1943. The "Gneisenau" camouflaged to hide deck activity, and with an attempt to alter her outline at the stern. Hutlike structures cover the vessel's forward barbette

After their forays as commerce-raiders in the Atlantic, the *Scharnhorst* and the *Gneisenau* took refuge in the spring of 1941 in the Atlantic port of Brest. On April 5, 1941, the *Gneisenau* emerged from the dry-dock there, but the following day a torpedo hit was obtained on the battle-cruiser which forced her back into the dry-docks.

Early in June 1941 the *Gneisenau* and the *Scharnhorst* were joined by the cruiser *Prinz Eugen*, and until February 12, 1942, when they made their dash through the Channel to Kiel, the warships were kept in Brest and out of the Atlantic. At intervals they were damaged by repeated bombing attacks. On passage from Brest to Heligoland Bight the *Gneisenau* was mined and received severe under-water damage.

It was shortly after this that the *Gneisenau* was moved to Gdynia and the work of dismantling began. As long ago as June 1942 the *Gneisenau* was photographed in this Polish port. Now that the *Gneisenau* has been lying in Gdynia for more than a year and a half in the same state, with only some adjustments made to her camouflage, the Germans may have decided to cut their losses.

A BIG PROBLEM for the RAILWAY COMPANIES

The Growth of Petty Thieving and Wanton Destruction Now General Throughout the Country

By CHARLES GRAVES

LIKE everyone else who has been using the railways either directly by travel or indirectly by sending parcels, I have been nourishing the most uncivil sentiments towards them. So much so, that I have been investigating the whole position.

Thefts on the railway are at present enormous, running into hundreds of thousands of pounds a year, and they are increasing beyond what they used to be. These figures refer merely to the L.M.S., and are quite apart from the other railway companies, which are being hit with equal severity.

Many people have had infuriating experiences in connection with sending goods by rail, and it is becoming perfectly apparent that the introduction of coupons, rations, and points have a direct effect on the increase in thieving; which all points to the Black Market and a number of organisations which take advantage of wartime conditions.

The theft of jewellery has not increased at all. It is clothes, fabrics, furs and every possible kind of mass-produced article which appeal to the wartime railway thieves. Grey flannel trousers, cigarettes, and gin are also popular, as they cannot easily be identified by the owner if by any chance the stolen goods are recovered.

Individualistic goods are more likely to escape the clutches of these gangs of railway robbers. For example, an expensive kind of radio set would have a much better chance of reaching its destination than one of the new utility sets which we have been promised.

The railway companies, in fact, take the view that many of the goods supposedly stolen on the railways actually disappear in transit between the consignor's address and the station, or the station at the other end and the home of the consignee. It is certainly true that the railways are seldom the starting-point of the journey of goods in transit, and it is this divided responsibility between the road journey and the rail journey which is said to make the detection of the thieves so difficult.

At Marlborough Street last week two carmen who had been with the L.M.S. for twenty-one years were found guilty of stealing a parcel containing 274 yards of fabric, value £36, while in transit. Mr. Walter Hedley, K.C., sentencing them to three months' hard labour, said that thefts on the railway were notorious, and in taking part in them the two prisoners in the dock had brought disgrace upon a great number of honest men. This is a routine case, nothing glamorous, nothing sensational—just typical.

The unfortunate part is that the sentence is so light. It is high time that a few examples were made. Equally, railway porters who are convicted often get off with the infliction of a mere fine of perhaps only £3. In many cases these porters are women, most of them with perfectly respectable records, perhaps with a husband in the Army and a family of three at home. These women have never been in a position of responsibility before, and are easily duped into aiding and abetting the gangs of railway thieves. Nothing could be more simple than for a comparatively well-dressed thief to invite one of these women to a drink in the local and then persuade her by careless talk to tell him exactly what he wants to know. A typical conversation would be:

"What war work are you doing?"

"I'm a railway porter."

"Goodness me! That must be hard work."

"It certainly is. Sometimes I'm the only person on duty."

"What a shame! Where do you work?"

And so it goes. At the cost of a couple of drinks the thief has discovered everything he wishes to know. After which, the actual robberies in the black-out are a simple matter.

Sometimes these women become entangled and, after accepting a gift, may be blackmailed into closer collaboration with the thieves. It is well known that a certain class of women who it was decided by the Ministry of Labour were not fit for association with young people in the Services but could not be regarded as being in a reserved occupation, were directed to the railway companies as porters. But, oddly enough, this type seldom is found in a police court. These women know that they have a record, and are much too smart, so I am told, to take any risks which would bring them in conflict with the law. Some of them, no doubt, are actually attempting to live down their past.

Normally one would jump to the conclusion that these women, having associated with undesirable and even criminal types in peacetime, are too smart to be caught out; but I am assured that it is the suburban wife who is largely responsible for the ease with which the railway thieves get valuable information about goods in transit. In peacetime the regular railway porter or guard would give a gruff and unhelpful reply to any leading question about the working of his railway put to him by a stranger. The suburban wives, however, can easily be flattered into careless talk—which is quite a thought in connection with the secrets of the impending Second Front.

The black-out is, of course, of great assistance to these train robbers. The shunting-yards are dimmed out as much as possible. So are the railway stations. Thus it is that anyone who leaves a suitcase after dusk on the platform unattended for only a couple of minutes stands a fair chance of never seeing it again.

Some of the thieving is very clever indeed, and shows what detective stories would call the "master hand at work." For example, many cases of whisky arrive at their destination apparently in the same condition in which they set out on their journey. In fact, one, two or three bottles have been emptied and not only put back but actually sealed up like the rest of the case in which they were sent. This can only suggest that the thieves are working at their leisure.

Which brings one to another point. The shortage of paper, string, cardboard, not to mention wooden boxes, makes it easy for the thieves to poke into parcels which are not as securely fastened as they would have been in peacetime to see whether or not the contents are worth stealing.

The railway companies are chary of giving figures about the numbers of their railway detectives compared with peacetime, but admit to a distinct shortage of experienced men. As most people know, criminals specialise in particular forms of law-breaking. Railway thieves seldom break into houses, and *vice versa*. After a time, experienced railway detectives have a photographic memory of the faces of many specialists in this type of crime, but if they go into the Armed Forces it is impossible to transmit this knowledge to detectives taking their place. Apart from all this, an increasing number of railway workers, particularly porters, are being called up every day, with the result that there is no proper supervision of the railway vans. The crowded character of the trains also adds to the vulnerability of the vans. I myself have frequently travelled in railway vans during the past few months because of lack of accommodation in the ordinary compartments. Time and again there has been no guard, porter, or anyone else to supervise me in the van.

It must not be assumed, however, that it is merely the public who are suffering from depredations aggravated by these wartime conditions. The railways themselves are among the chief victims. On the L.N.E.R. alone an average of 2,400 electric light bulbs in railway carriages are broken or stolen (usually the latter) every month. The monthly figure for the four main line companies is 14,500. During 1943, 45,000 blinds were removed, stolen or destroyed; 20,000 window straps ditto; over 13,500 seats damaged by slashing, while many of the removeable cushions were stolen. More than 3,500 mirrors were stolen or smashed, as well as many other fittings. Even first-aid and A.R.P. equipment have been stolen. In addition to these, over 25,000 carriage windows were wantonly smashed and 13,000 luggage-racks rendered useless, mainly by cutting. This pilferage and damage are general throughout the country, but are much worse in the heavy industrial areas, especially on workmen's trains. It is also serious on trains carrying large numbers of Services personnel. Among the black spots are London, Leicester, North Wales and South Wales, and local trains in Glasgow and the West of Scotland area.

One would have thought that the crowds on the Underground system of London would prevent large robbery of railway property. The fact remains that the L.P.T.B. has lost so many strap-hangers that they are now having to reinforce them with an inner core of wire to prevent them being cut. In this case it is presumably the rubber which the thieves are wanting.

It is hard to understand the mentality of people who wantonly break windows, slash seats and cut luggage-racks. It is possible that in some instances this is done by someone who wants a souvenir of his stay in this country, but that scarcely seems an adequate explanation. The stealing of electric light bulbs, blinds, cushions and mirrors is of course understandable. They are all goods in short supply, like foodstuffs, fabrics and other articles stolen in transit.

In view of all the thefts, and the inability to increase the number of railway detectives, it is not surprising that the companies are becoming more and more loath to accept anything at their risk as opposed to the sender's risk. As it is, thousands of claims are made every month, all of which have to be sifted and adjudged on their individual merits. Not that the railway companies themselves are financially affected by payments. Many people seem to forget that the railway companies have been hired by the Government at £43,000,000 a year, and that the receipts provide an annual Government income of £86,000,000—exactly double the cost of leasing the railways from the railway companies.

It is also not generally known that the war traffic in this country is very much up on the figures of the last war, in spite of the absence of special leave trains from the Channel ports to London and back again, which, unfortunately, have not run since the fall of Dunkirk.

A SCHOOL IN YORKSHIRE FOR HOUSEWIVES WHO ARE LEARNING TO MOVE THE WAR FREIGHTS. *Above*—**The "headmaster" (Mr. Cliff) answers his pupils' questions:** *On right*—**These five housewives are advanced students who stay after "school" for further instruction:** There are now 417 signalwomen on the L.M.S., and more women are in training for this specialised work. At Wakefield, for instance, twenty housewives at present comprise a class. These "scholars" are attending for daily intensive theoretical instruction. Their every-day-of-the-week schooldays will last for three months, after which they will receive manual instruction in a signal-box, finally undergoing an exacting examination which, successfully passed, will earn them a signalbox of their own, where they will receive further training before taking charge

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this publication should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export

PICTURES OF HOME INTEREST

SALUTE TO THE RED ARMY ON ITS TWENTY-SIXTH BIRTHDAY: The Russian Ambassador held a reception at the Embassy last week, where members of the Allied Forces met and paid tribute to the wonderful achievements of the Russian Army. This picture was taken as the Ambassador, M. Fedor Gusev (on left), was responding to a toast proposed by Air Marshal Sir Arthur Harris, of Bomber Command, R.A.F. Mrs. Anthony Eden is on the right, and in the centre are two of the Soviet representatives now in London for the European Advisory Commission

LORD LOVAT AT THE PERTH SHOW AND SALE. Brigadier Lord Lovat, D.S.O., M.C., the thirty-two-year-old Commando General, with Dr. Don Miguel Carcano, the Argentine Ambassador, at the Perth Show and Sale of Shorthorns. Lord Lovat is a notable breeder of cattle and had several entries at the Show. Dr. Carcano was buying for breeders in his own country

THE EUROPEAN ADVISORY COMMISSION IN SESSION AT LANCASTER HOUSE: The three heads of the representatives of the United Nations—Sir William Strang (Great Britain), on left; M. Fedor Gusev (U.S.S.R.), in centre; and Mr. John G. Winant, the U.S. Ambassador

GATHERING COAL "PEBBLES" ON THE BEACHES OF DURHAM. The "pebbles" on the beach at Hartlepool are pieces of coal. Local people, including children, reap a good harvest when they go out to gather them up. This coal, tipped into the sea with the slag by the Collieries is washed back on to the beach, ready sorted, by the tide

THE WORLD'S PIPE-MAJOR AND HIS CLASS. Pipe-Major William Ross plays a difficult piece, whilst his class follow the notation from their scores

PIPE-MAJOR ROSS TEACHES HIS CLASS THE RUDIMENTS OF PIPING. Here, the men—five Scots and a Canadian—are receiving preliminary training on the chanter: Pipe-Major William Ross, doyen of pipe-majors and world famous wherever bagpipes blow, first fingered the chanter in Glenstrathfarrar some sixty-six years ago. To-day he rules as Principal of the Army School of Piping, perched high on the topmost tip of Edinburgh Castle, where the Army sends its pipers and pipe-majors to learn just a little more of their art from this man, whose life has been all Army and all piping. Pipe-Major Ross joined the Scots Guards in 1895; he was a pipe-major in 1903, serving through the Boer and Great Wars, and taking his Edinburgh appointment in 1919. Not only Scots come up the steep High Street and climb the winding turret stone stair to the band-hall to attend these classes—run by the Army and Piobaireach Society jointly—Canadians, Australians, New Zealanders and South Africans, even Russians, are also interested. The School of Piping, the only one of its kind in the world, is a joint effort to keep alive the art

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

A SELECTION of PEACEFUL STORIES

Old Fashioned and Graceful Memoirs; The Adventures of a Titled Ghost; A Novel of Regency Days; A Thriller and Two Books on South Africa

BETWEEN this war and the last there was a flood of books all following roughly the same pattern of Court memoirs, *chroniques* mildly *scandaleuses* and nostalgic echoes of the days when a Grand Duke really was a Grand Duke. I had read so many of them; some of them excellent, some of them repetitive, few of them altogether negligible since they gave at the worst some kind of picture of a life which few of us had known and none of us would ever see again. But I did think that I had read enough of that particular type of reminiscence, with its artless references to half the *Almanac de Gotha*, and I also thought that this war was unlikely to produce any more, unless in a hypothetical peacetime English housewives yearn, as articulately over the days when they had two servants, as Russian ladies-in-waiting used to yearn over the Peterhof Palace.

These war days, nevertheless, have produced such a book of memoirs in LET 'S LIGHT THE CANDLES (Methuen. 12s. 6d.), by "Paul Waineman," the pen-name of a lady born in Finland of a Scottish-Finnish marriage towards the end of the last century. Mrs. MacDougall married a British officer, and settled at the lovely house of Provender, in Kent, but before that time she and her sister had known the Russian Imperial Court and most of the Embassies of Europe, and her own life was to remain as cosmopolitan as Kent is essentially English.

These memoirs are built on the old-fashioned pattern in which all royalty is gracious, if not actually good-looking, all receptions brilliant and all asides witty. In spite of that, the book escapes triteness and has genuine vitality. It is primarily a book of anecdotes, strung together on a thread of autobiography, so that the picture the reader gets is rather one of a type of life than of a single character, but it is entertaining and written, as it were, in high spirits. That in itself is enough to recommend a book to us in these days.

Miss Magdalen King-Hall must have had a great deal of fun with her new novel, LIFE AND DEATH OF THE WICKED LADY SKELTON (Peter Davies. 8s. 6d.), for Lady Skelton is very wicked indeed and beautiful to boot. Her unquiet spirit haunted the old house of Maryot Cells until it was burnt down in an air raid. Having shown us in her first chapter how evil meets its just deserts, the author proceeds to the history of her seventeenth-century charmer, who was quite a girl.

Married quickly, and as quickly bored with her husband, Barbara Skelton spent four long years at Maryot Cells amid the dreary chatter of relatives and dull visitors. She was lovely, full of a desire for adventure, selfish and completely unscrupulous. When she lost a much-valued necklace to her sister-in-law during an evening's gambling, she decided to dress as a highwayman and hold up that lady's coach in order to get the jewel back.

The danger of this exploit seemed to provide her with the excitement and stimulus she needed, and thereafter almost every night Lady Skelton fared abroad for robbery. In the course of her adventures, she met a professional highwayman, Jerry Jackson, and, admiring his technique and charmed by his love-making, she decided to form an illicit partnership with him. Together they called upon unwary travellers to stand and deliver, and together they robbed one of her own tenants in his farmhouse. When they were pursued on this occasion, Lady Skelton killed the farmer's son, only to attend his funeral in her more familiar role of lady of the manor.

Later she inspires Jackson to murder, too, but when she finds that he has another woman she informs against him and he is caught and hanged. She attends this ceremony, too, in her character of a great lady seeking a new emotion, and then returns to the country to continue her secret career alone. In the end, she is killed accidentally by another lover and laid to rest in the manner befitting her rank, while dark and ugly rumours begin at last to cloud her name.

In a carping mood, one could discover endless improbabilities about this story. Why, for instance, did only one man in the household discover the secret of her double life? It is needless to add that her ladyship took care of him by poisoning him in a particularly horrible way. Could her husband's complaisance have extended to such imbecile lengths? And so on. But the story has too much pace and flamboyance, and carries at least enough temporary conviction to make such questioning redundant, for in its ghoulish way this book is great fun.

THE BIRTHDAY OF GEORGE WASHINGTON: Washington Old Hall, in County Durham, the manor-house which was the home of the first of the Washingtons. February 22 is the day on which George Washington, Father of the American People, was born. Special Anglo-American celebrations were held on his birthday this year at the village of Washington, where the earliest members of his family lived, and in Durham Cathedral. Washington Old Hall is the manor-house of the village of the same name. In the parish church, Washingtons were baptised from 1183 to 1376: an ancestor of the famous American statesman, John, was Prior of the Cathedral of Durham from 1416 till 1446, and a plaque has now been unveiled in the Cathedral cloisters commemorating this fact

This plaque in Durham Cathedral cloisters was unveiled on February 22. The cloisters were actually finished during John Washington's term as Prior of the Cathedral

Mr. Neil Bell has written a long, picaresque novel of the late eighteenth century, in which his hero acts as a kind of Cook's guide through the period of Byron, Napoleon, Wellington and Shelley. CHILD OF MY SORROW (Collins. 10s. 6d.) is a book in which the author has used Regency gaming clubs, fair grounds and even the Battle of Waterloo to contribute to the colour and noise and excitement of his theme. But with all these adventitious aids he has failed to create a hero.

True, his Ben Wayne is larger than life-size, both physically and in the tale of his exploits. At seventeen, as the illegitimate son of a lady of birth, Ben takes to the road and his adventures begin. In addition to his great height, he has good looks, prodigious strength and as fine a conceit of himself as is generally accorded to any six men. He tours the country as a professional strong man, is selected as a model by the painter Haydon, becomes footman to an old eccentric, and finally assumes the name of Count D'Artois, in which guise he is a great success, both as a dandy and a lover.

He fights at Waterloo, accompanies Napoleon to St. Helena, and then returns to London to begin his rapid downward slide which brings him at length to the gallows. No one can deny that this book is more full of meat than even a peacetime sausage. The local colour is courageously applied, and successfully. It is the central character alone who fails to convince, who never comes to life either as a lovable scoundrel in the Brigadier Gerard tradition, or as a despicable cad.

Dr. Alington's new little thriller, TEN CROWDED HOURS (Macdonald. 6s.), is a disappointment. To begin with, it is extremely short and rather thin — and that for the greedy reader is unsatisfactory in itself. Encouraged by an earlier novel from this distinguished gentleman, I was prepared to declare myself an Alington fan, but in this current work only the humour remains, and there is a distressing *naïveté* which surprises me.

The period is that pre-war one in which the activities of I.R.A. agents were forecasting—at least in fiction—the later crimes of German spies. In this case, they had picked on the cathedral city of Garminster in which to plant their bombs and generally make themselves unpleasant. Luckily, and all too obviously, they were foiled by the Reverend John Smith, who clapped on a false beard—or, more exactly, a false appearance of not having recently shaved—assumed a Chicagoan accent and got busy.

There are compensations, however, in all this, for Dr. Alington has created at least one amusing character in the curate's aunt, who on one occasion observes with some acidity that "A moment's reflection should have shown you that archdeacons are just the people one does not skulk at!"

Two books, excellent in their different ways and both about South Africa, have appeared within a week or two of each other. HERE ARE SOUTH AFRICANS (A. and C. Black. 4s. 6d.) is a short, concise history of the Dominion which has perhaps the most varied, the most vivid and the most picturesque history. Mr. Julian Mockford, who has written it, is himself a South African, and he has written with feeling and understanding of his country from the days of its earliest European occupation, by Dutch soldiers and sailors in the seventeenth century, to the Union of to-day, when their armies have played so great a part in fighting our common enemies.

In a foreword, Colonel Deneys Reitz, High Commissioner in London, writes: "In the last of these wars (1899-1902), I served as a private soldier under Field-Marshal Smuts, and when we were defeated I, for one, went into exile rather than live under the Union Jack. But Mr. Mockford tells how the wheel has come full circle; how the British, having defeated us, dealt so magnanimously with South Africa that we old recalcitrants and intransigents are content in the knowledge that within the four corners of the Empire we enjoy security and complete liberty—a liberty greater even than that we possessed under our own rule of long ago."

ADVENTURES OF A BOER FAMILY (Faber and Faber. 7s. 6d.) is fascinating stuff of a very different kind. Mr. Victor Pohl writes of the experiences of his own family during the three years of the Boer War, at the beginning of which he was a boy of thirteen. His three brothers were old enough to join the Commandos, and while they went out to fight the British he remained on the farm in the Free State and tried to take over their duties.

Through the adventures of these three young men the reader follows the changing fortunes of the war: Cronje's debacle after the fight of Magersfontein, and the varying stages of General de Wet's campaign which ended in his capitulation. Nobody would deny that the Boers were formidable fighters, and in his book Mr. Pohl gives an insight into the methods that built that reputation.

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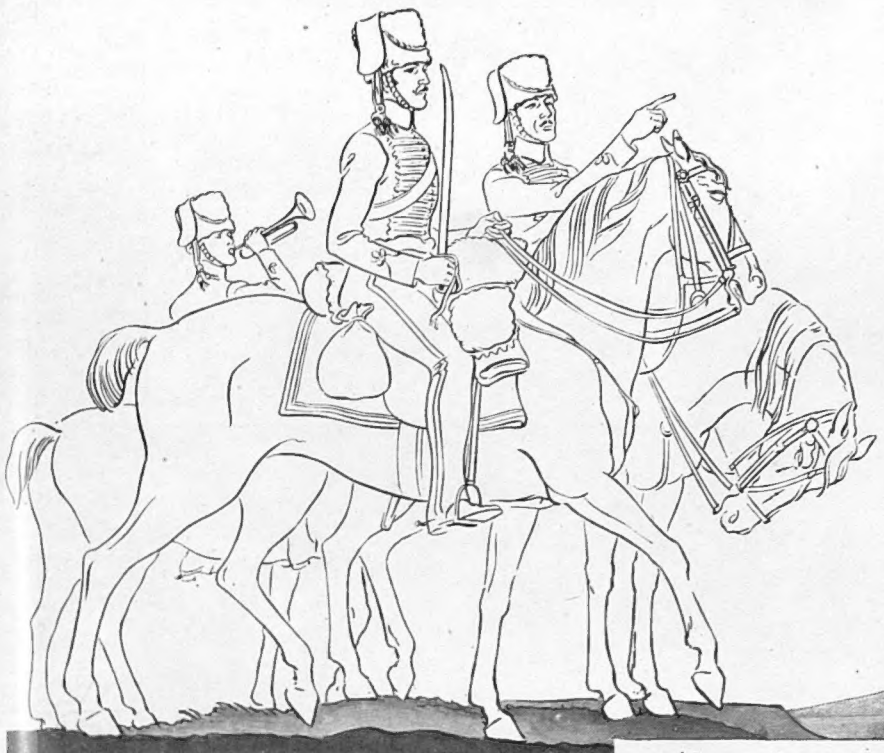

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